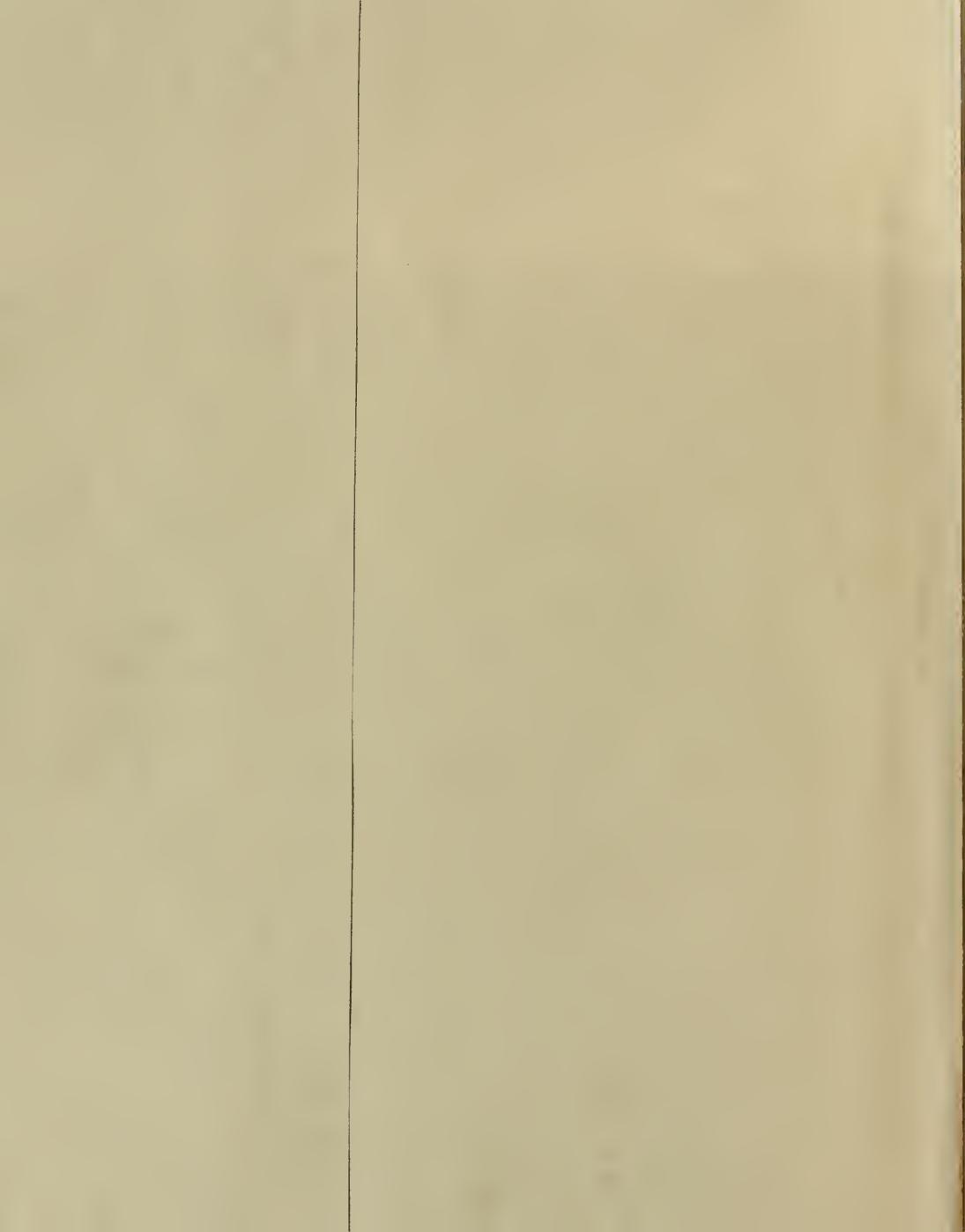


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*Have Faith in
Calvin Coolidge*

or

*From a Farm House to
the White House*



By
THOMAS T. JOHNSTON

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ARTICLE I.

FOREWORD—WHERE, WHEN AND WHY

A whole literature is destined to spring up concerning Calvin Coolidge, as has already been the case with Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt and others. This is a certainty. Of this literature these pages are but a humble fore-runner, born as they have been of a fervent enthusiasm, a desire, a prayer—a prayer, which today is in part fulfilled. For seven years we have seen Calvin Coolidge trudging the path that leads to the White House. He has been sure-footed, not in haste, working with conscientious precision and devotion. To do the day's work has been his creed, which is orthodox for efficiency. Destiny, or God, or both, have been taking him to the top of the world; now he has arrived, and we find contentment in it. But it has been the order of things. Without financial prestige, without the control of any great newspaper, without patronage or promise, without the accustomed style of oratorical power or a compelling, magnetic personality, without resort to the camouflage that plays on the popular imagination, this silent, unassuming conscientious, mysterious, clear-seeing and clear-thinking man has gone from a little country home of his boy-hood in the Vermont hills, the road of duty and of work, and that road has led him by some strange providence, to the greatest political position on earth. We are not afraid of the outcome. He is there for a purpose.

Already some of the politicians are out gunning for him. Mr. Coolidge has stepped into the coveted place of honor and power. Jealousy and ambition are active. But Mr. Coolidge can be counted upon to read these designs. He has been in politics long enough not to be caught in the trap of easy credulity. He is one of the sharpest and shrewdest of politicians, and one of the cleanest. He will not fall or fail. He will so command himself to all America as a clear-minded and true-hearted citizen, great but unassuming, that his election for the four-year term will be by a tidal wave. America will talk for him in majorities, every vote being a testimonial of admiration, confidence and faith. All America will be saying "We have faith in Calvin Coolidge." His poise, his silence, his compact speech, his undramatic labor, his candour and courage in a critical crisis, his analysis and comprehensive grasp of the truth, his intellect, and in particular his conception of the spiritual origin and purpose of government will win for him the enthusiasms both of faith and affection.

As a speaker and writer Calvin Coolidge is unique. The power of his thought, the terse sentences, the chaste diction, the epigrammatic style, the cold intellectual presentation of political truth with a spiritual emphasis make us lose ourselves in wonderment as to the man and as to whether or no he will be belated in the full appreciation of his contemporaries. He deals exclusively with essentials, the bones and framework of truth, ever with the philosophic touch and with not a spare word. His book "Have Faith in Massachusetts" is evidence of our justified interest in his power. Chapters could be written upon his power of speech, as well as upon his power of silence. When he has something to say, he says it, and quits. There is no froth, no foam, no raving, no roaring, no beating the air and howling,—all is compact thought, clothed in chaste and direct English. Anything he puts into print is a classic. We earnestly hope that, besides his national and world activities in the political field,

this man of Emersonian power, will make of himself a man of letters. As such he would stand with the immortals. People do not always have a passion to read what others have a passion to write. But the best minds of the world would be avaricious to devour what the mind and soul of Calvin Coolidge would put upon the page.

But, with regard to all outward events, there seems to be a determining principle beyond our power to fully discern. Where our vision cannot go, mystery begins, and yet a mystery it is in which we have strange reliance. There is a power that guides human life beyond its ability to see. An unseen hand is at the helm. There is a mystery in the lead and destiny of certain lives, so strange to us, and yet so evident, that everything moral and religious about us is led to call that power God. Without the Divine such lives are inexplicable. And such seems to be the life of Calvin Coolidge.

As for the material in these pages, the article "Calvin Coolidge—An Appreciation" appeared in the Easthampton News, Easthampton, Mass., on October 16, 1919. The article "Calvin Coolidge—His Sterling Qualities" appeared in the early spring of 1920 in both a Massachusetts and a North Dakota paper. "A Massachusetts and a Civilization Victory" was sent to the Tower City Topics of North Dakota in the early spring of 1920, and appeared in the issue of June 17, 1920, the nomination of Mr. Coolidge for the Vice Presidency which had just taken place, perhaps being considered a justification for the appearance of the article. The article "Calvin Coolidge—His Fiber of Mind and Heart" were also sent to North Dakota papers in early 1920, but did not appear till later, in the Rollette County Herald of July 22, 1920, and the Turtle Mountain Star, the date of which cannot be recalled. The chapter "The Birthday of Our Government and of Our Governor" was preached as a sermon in the Wesley Methodist and the Cushman Church at Amherst, Mass., on Sunday, July 4th, 1920. One thing is certain, our fireworks on that Fourth of July were genuine and they were earnestly patriotic and religious. The last chapter "Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States" was preached as a sermon in the Methodist Church of Holliston, Mass., on Sunday, September 2, 1923. It also appeared in the Easthampton News August 31, 1923, Easthampton, Mass., a paper that has always been energetic in its support of Calvin Coolidge. The remaining articles of the book, except the one on "Calvin Coolidge Welcomed Home," which was written June 16, 1920, were written in the late 1919 or the first months of 1920. It was felt that the nature of the articles here included would call for this explanation as to the time they were written. Faith in and sober enthusiasm for the man, around whom they are written, must answer for the somewhat pardonable bravery in presenting them.

It is too bad that it was the Nation's trembling hand of sorrow that led Mr. Coolidge into the place of responsibility and power. Love and admiration for Mr. Harding had grown with such rapidity and intensity that his untimely death, actually giving his life for his country, caused universal grief. The world was stunned. Mr. Harding was truly a good and an earnest man. He had heart-throb. His name will grow and glow in luster through the years. The memory of Warren G. Harding will ever be a benediction upon America. His spirit and his work will go on. They cannot die. As for Calvin Coolidge, he is our President. No longer in the conscientious quiet of official subordination he is taking charge of affairs with characteristic energy, self-initiative and ability. He has entered upon a difficult task. May God sustain him, and may our loyal citizenship

earnestly support him. God save and prosper America—prosper her not only along material lines but in the deeper and better things of the mind and heart.

Calvin Coolidge, we give you our loyalty, our love, our prayers and our good wishes. We believe absolutely in your ability and in your Christian devotion. We are grateful to God that when our beloved President, Warren G. Harding, was called, you were the one to step into place. We know you will stand firmly on the right side of every moral issue, and that your administration will be for the advancement of America, for the blessing of mankind, and for the glory of the Kingdom of God on earth.

ARTICLE II.

CALVIN COOLIDGE—AN APPRECIATION

His Name is on the Lips of Men. A New Figure is Bulging Beyond
the Borders of Commonwealth.

(October 16, 1919)

He is irresistible. He compels. He asks nothing, except by merit and studiousness. There is mystery enough to him to both charm and bewilder. The first impression is that he is different. And it is the last impression. He is vastly more like himself than anybody else. Apart from all that is partisan, we like that man—Calvin Coolidge. The State House had settled to uncanny quietude. His voice was not lifted much. He was waiting to have something to say. But he has spoken once or twice, with quiet brevity, but with power. When he is through speaking a voice has been heard, and there is nothing to do but obey. He works to intensity, but there is no rattle of machinery. Things he is saying and doing, as Governor of our Commonwealth, are superb enough to be thrilling. He is winning his way by skill and heart, lending to his significant office the dignity and sturdiness of courage.

He is not cheap, nor to be sold for a price, not hurt by success nor made dizzy by plaudits. Careful to arrive at conclusions, he is brave to stand by them. His silence is intense, to the degree that it is spooky; he seems icy to the measure that distance is comfortable, yet he is the model of courtesy, he is as firm as the rock in the walls of the Capitol, but not proud, he measures his step, and, in things intellectual, strides like a warrior. He does not yearn for trouble, but if it comes, fronts it like a Spartan. And stays by it, through thick and thin, till every untoward element has slunk to the woods, spanked and abashed. He has enemies and bitter ones. They are to his credit. His silence is so deep it can be fairly heard and felt, but it is the life-throb of mind and personality. Even his voice is thin and with a peculiar rasp, but his sparse words are loaded to lumbering weight with proverb. When he lifts his pen or voice, many are there to read and listen, for they well know his thought has gone forth, and has arrived. His proclamations have been state papers well fitted to grace the Nation. They are piquant and superb, and their diction is chaste and sturdy. There is a keen edge whetted to his shrewdness.

But the cleverness of Calvin Coolidge is made safe by conviction. With all his legal clearness, is true motive. He is alert and tremendously alive. His mind is not sick-abed. He sees with clarity into the dark of a problem, and through that dark to the light. He stands clean. He is the sort that men think and talk about, and wonder why they talk, surprised at their own surprise at him. As to his success you ask why, and yet you are completely satisfied with it. He is from the humble walks of life, and has an earnestness, chiseled on his very face,—an earnestness that is cut like rock. He is the product of the people, but that is not against him. That he is one of us, gives us big contentment. We point to him, with no apology.

He is his own argument, to which there is no reply. There is to the man no passion gone wild, or unbridled impulse. Nor one hint of impetuosity,—all is sort of a Stoic strength,—within his own personality is the stabilizing control of all he does and says.

He is sort of a political miracle. Considering the stereotyped politician, who excites the masses, Calvin Coolidge is not of their breed or number. He spoke a City to order and maintained the dignity and sovereignty of our Commonwealth, because he is first and essentially the ruler of himself. He holds regal authority over the empire of his own life. The Big Book says "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than ~~them~~ that taketh a city." The secret about Calvin Coolidge is that his own life is well ordered. He sits in command of himself. He is the embodiment of law. He makes mistakes of course, and admits it. All make mistakes. But if he makes a mistake, it seems as sincere as if he had been correct, yet it is not self-condoned because of that. He has the unique genius of making himself busy to make even his mistakes useful. He uses them with diligence to increase his skill ahead. It is no desecration of the finest traditions of our history to see in him a solemnness, half Lincoln-like, not guessed at, but evident.

It is no high virtue to appreciate good men, only after they are long dead. Calvin Coolidge is a man you look at, wonder about, feel an irrepressible admiration for. When he has retired, you know a personality has been present, and is gone. He is full-orbed in Americanism. He tears tigers away that are at the throat of the Government. He is excellent for legalism. To edge near the man and study him makes one feel the greatness of meekness, when meekness is armed with truth and might. There is no mere accident in the trend that Calvin Coolidge is becoming the quiet hero of those who think. In public office he is unique. He is a discovery. He wins by merit. His genius is hard work.

I do not know him personally, but have seen him, heard him, and have studied him from every source I could, and to me there is no more interesting personality, stepping forth in our public affairs today. I am weary of the glory-hungry politicians, who tickle ears, and hoodwink the unthinking. I am exceedingly laggard as to enthusiasm over public men. My zeal for the worth of the Massachusetts Governor is not newly born, it is full-sized. It has suffered and endured the growing-pains of doubt and wonderment. But Calvin Coolidge by the lead of the road, is a figure going somewhere, and somewhere in particular. He is sure-footed. He is well disciplined to up-hill trudging. He is purposeful. He will arrive. He cares nothing for plaudits, but captures confidence. He commands the solid enthusiasms of respect. He holds his head. There are thousands in whose consciousness is dawning the conviction that here, in our day, is a man, sizable for worth, wishing with quiet power only to do his duty, and to do it well. He is the living embodiment of an ideal. He is a personality to be employed for our public good.

Earnest Americans—leaders of the Nation and purposeful citizens—clear to the Pacific, might do well to look toward Massachusetts; for such a man, such an American is an inspiration. Local issues are sometimes civilization-wide. Those, pledged by heart to the interests of civilization, instinctively look to the man of quality to help bear the burdens of civilization, and to tug at its problem. Now-a-days we call for the man, clamor for him, and demand him,

who feels the huge sacredness of being alive and of doing his duty. In the day of our world-anguish, unrest, and conflicting voices, we will trust much to the man of that sort. "He that would be greatest among you, let him be the servant of all."

Calvin Coolidge is showing the largeness of persistent servant-hood. He bends his back and mind and heart to lift the public load. Men look today to the man, who will not lazy about and flaunt the glory of his position, but who will slave at his task, who is purposeful, who thinks through and then speaks and who, when he speaks has something to say, who abides by convictions, unyielding and unafraid. And these are, I take it, exactly the reasons that the name, Calvin Coolidge, is on the lips of men, far and near. In Calvin Coolidge, a new figure is on the nation's landscape. His success is not an accident. It is heart-motive and a life-program. Nor is it through. In a certain inexplicable way, he seems the answer to some large necessity. Already he is bulging beyond the borders of our Commonwealth.

ARTICLE III.

LIKE THE GRANITE OF HIS NATIVE VERMONT

(December, 1919)

President-sized in mind, lowly in spirit, Calvin Coolidge is the aristocrat in capacity and the democrat in bearing. He has intellectual power and intensity. It is better to read the man himself than to peruse mere descriptions of him. If you read "Have Faith in Massachusetts" you will find it condensed political wisdom. As an example of his truth, compact, I give the following:

When, without a dissenting vote, he was re-elected President of the State Senate, he made the following speech:

"Honorable Senators: My sincerest thanks I offer you. Conserve the firm foundations of our institutions. Do your work with the spirit of a soldier in the public service. Be loyal to the Commonwealth and to yourselves. And be brief, above all things, be brief."

Addressing the Senate on January 4, 1914, the then newly elected President, among other things, gave the following advice to his fellow members:

"Do the day's work. If it be to protect the rights of the weak, whoever objects, do it. If it be to help a powerful corporation better to serve the people, whatever the opposition, do that. Expect to be called a standpatter. But don't be a standpatter. Expect to be called a demagogue. But don't be a demagogue. Don't hesitate to be as reactionary as the multiplication table. Don't expect to build up the weak by pulling down the strong. Don't hurry to legislate. Give administration a chance to catch up with legislation."

It is the functioning of such a mind which has brought Mr. Coolidge such merited distinction and which together with his vigorous assertion of authority and rapid decisiveness, has revealed him as a man of both thought and action. Right at home in Northampton, under the full flash of the sharpest scrutiny, Calvin Coolidge is honored, trusted, counted reliable—his word is as good as gold. The owner of no local industry, with no backing but intellect and character and the support they win, he has made his home town, Northampton, and his college town, Amherst, as well as the State of Massachusetts; to sparkle with what he himself is. It is law, as embodied in Calvin Coolidge which has stood like granite—the granite of his native Vermont—for the dignity and perpetuity of the Commonwealth. Calvin Coolidge is only half way up his ladder, but the greatest thing now is the issue. There is with him no petting of malicious forces to get their support or to prevent their opposition; there is no seeking to manipulate men as his tools for breeding trouble for any of his political rivals; there are no unscrupulous methods or manouvers of the trixter; there is no falseness or camouflage of political advertisement; there are no over-zealous efforts to bluff or brow-beat the voter, rather there is that quiet dignity that attracts and wins. There are no hasty or half-poised utterances or expressions of rage, no brazen insults hurled at opponents or upon the intelligence of the constituency, there are no refusals to stand for the right; there is no vicious desire of not letting truth stand in

his way and of kicking it aside for the on-rush of his purposes and ambitions. No, Calvin Coolidge is cool, clear-headed, calm and honest-hearted, and has the dignity, integrity and honour which fit him for the most important offices of public trust.

He is fitted and schooled for big things, for he has been thinking in the big, living in the big, and doing the big for years. He has been climbing the ladder of life, rung by rung, with patient and steady step, and every rung has been not mere personal victory, but every rung has been the true, faithful, earnest, quiet doing of duty, until he was asked to toil at some higher duty. With a man of his solid sort and distinctive quality, it would be hard to believe that he is at the top of his ladder, for being in the very prime of his manhood, even the honored opportunity and the weighty responsibility of the Governorship of historic and classic Massachusetts would seem not the last call of duty. The still larger employment of such ability, the pressure of such honesty, and the application of such courage as he possesses, would seem the very desire and necessity of America in its highest office.

INSPIRES THE ENTHUSIASMS OF RESPECT

Calvin Coolidge is specific. He does not speak in generalities. He is no violator of the most fastidious etiquette but his etiquette is not merely methodic, it is the spontaneous promptings of the inner sincerity of the moment. And that is true culture. He is no traitor to decency. His is an unselfish seriousness. He has the power of poise. Through him we have seen a superb statesmanship in great historic Massachusetts,—a state that is the mother of statesmen. While others are out tooting their whistles, blowing their trumpets, beating their drums, slopping over in an effort to attract and deceive the shallow-minded, we can well know that unless Calvin Coolidge has some public duty that calls him into the open, he is hid away in his silences of enterprise, thinking, working, diligently employed in earnest and constructive statesmanship. He does not betray his country or those who believe in him by any Judas kiss, or any mere political handshake. He is not out scooping in votes, he is hard at work, thereby winning popular confidences, meriting all he gets, and is sincere gentleman enough, of course, to appreciate all he gets which he feels he merits. He believes tremendously in himself, as any honest man should. He has faith in Calvin Coolidge, even as Calvin Coolidge has "faith in Massachusetts" and in the United States of America. He has a good, true, full-sized self-respect. He is not bothered with conceit. A humbler man, a more serious servant of the people, a more faithful and arduous toiler, a clearer discerner of the nation's life and needs, has not been in our land, since Lincoln. And if Calvin Coolidge should ever be elected President, no man shall have sat in the presidential chair, since the days of the immortal Emancipator who, to a larger measure, would receive and merit, not only the confidence and admiration, but more than that, the true affection of the American people. He is that type—the sort that wins the solid enthusiasms of affection.

HIS UNDRAMATIC TOILING

The quiet and undramatic toiling of some men is apt to be overlooked. As for Calvin Coolidge, he is so unpretentious and so apart from presumption that he is prone to keep his true greatness hid away and lonely. But we may know that he is at work. He is the

sort which captures admiration, fires the imagination and wins the solid enthusiasms of belief. He has integrity and ability. He is quite the pride of the East, and it would not surprise if thousands would count him the biggest man in the country today for the biggest and hardest job in the world—namely the Presidency of the United States. His state papers are Lincoln-strong for quality. He is a master-thinker, a modest gentleman, and a statesman of highest order. He is America's opportunity.

One comforting beauty of it all is he is quietly and strictly tending to his duties as Governor of Massachusetts and is not out working for himself for higher honors. He is humble, faithful, earnest, and of the Lincoln type. He is a real statesman, not a self advertising politician. His speeches and state papers are masterpieces of superb diction and sturdy thought. Nothing anywhere in legal literature excells them. Those who know him at all, through the medium of close observation are passionately ambitious that he become better known, well known, and appreciatively known throughout the entire country. As he himself will not speak, and announce what he is, others are impelled and persuaded to speak of him and for him.

HE IS THE TYPE THE PEOPLE WANT

The people are eager for a man in the presidency, who is in spirit and fact one of them. And as they have sacrificed and suffered and labored in thought and heart these last few years they want for their chiefest of servants that one of humble mein and rugged righteousness who, in the name of law, of justice, of America, and of God, will get under their common load, help bear their burden, think and feel for and with them—a man of idealism, legalism, sincerity and power. Rare as such a combination is, Calvin Coolidge is just such a man. No man since Lincoln ever by nature and training so qualified himself for the masterful and sympathetic leadership of the people of America. If it is not Calvin Coolidge, it will be someone tremendously like him in traits, in personality, in simplicity, in ideals, and solid convictions, whom the people of America will demand and clamour for as their Chief Executive these next four years.

ARTICLE IV.

THE PEOPLE'S CRY

(December, 1919)

Today's call to life is a political call as well as religious. Indeed the two have much in common. Whether our cry is "save democracy" or "make the world safe for democracy" or "make the world safe for Christian democracy" it can be done only through that type of democratic Christianity which does not hold itself aloof from the problems of politics and of government. Only true, noble, and indulgent citizenship can save and safe-guard civilization. And the ballot has more power than bullets. Therefore fronting a presidential election as we do as citizens who cherish sacredly the responsibilities of the suffrage, we feel that at our country's ballot-box we are to fight a battle for the world. The world's greatest office of power and prestige is the presidency of the United States of America. In these days of tremendous unrest when men and things, are edging forward in the dark, it is of prime importance that the man who shall assume the presidency in the immediate future, shall embody the ideals, the strength, the sincerity, the intellectual and spiritual discernment for which all the world is hungry and famishing. The new president—for there will be a new one—will be a world figure and the type of man which must be elected is a world necessity. This is no ordinary election, and the man elected must be no ordinary man. He must be many levels higher than the greedy politician. He must be a man set apart "by the gods" ordained as it were for the distinct purpose of leading, Moses-like, the people through the wilderness of our modern confusion and unrest. Moses of old squirmed under his task and tried to beg off, knowing that he was slow of speech, realizing his incapacity for a staggering responsibility, but this meekness became his strength. It is just as certain that no inflated wind-bag of egotism can ever be equal to the trying demands of the presidency in the next four years, and that only he who will bend to slave in meekness at its herculean task can ever hope to fulfill the demands of the next few years. The Presidency is no place of honored retirement. It calls for servant-hood of the hardest and most galling sort. A mere soldier's uniform, no more than a mere dress suit, is equal to its severity and its seriousness. It requires a brain that sees, and a heart that throbs. The blood of the most virile statesmanship, the power of the most lofty patriotism, the highest loyalty to law, the honor of law, the dignity of law, the meaning and duty of law, are the qualities needed to put back-bone, courage, stability, and security into civilization everywhere. The foundation principles of government have been shaken in these last days. Men have dared to fly the red flag in the face of law, until enraged government is apt to die in its own excitement and the folly of its own resentment. Above all we need calm and poise at the top of things. We need quiet strength. We need the dignity of silent control. We need a personality who is a recognized embodiment of law within himself. We need a firm hand on the throttle, a clear eye piercing through the dark, a rugged heart of patient persistency pounding away at the problem of mankind. We have struck terrible days. Can civilization weather the storm? Who will guide us thru? Who will make sure the destiny of

civilization? Such question-marks lead to exclamation-points. We will have nothing to do with cheap politicians out gunning for the presidency. We want a sincere, earnest man, a man of candour, courage, and conviction, a man who stands clean, who fronts the truth, who is a legalist of the legalists, who is unyielding and speaks with no puny voice. This is not my lonely cry, it is the cry of the American people, who are yearning for prophetic leadership and who are hungering for one who stands with them on their level of heartbreak, of sacrifice, of loyalty and devotion, for one who is willing to work without plaudits and who cares more for doing duty than for the emoluments of office. For those of us who have been alive to the world, alive to its sorrows and needs, perhaps no one has so impressed us with such qualities as has Calvin Coolidge the governor of Massachusetts. Just to edge near the man, to see candour written all over his face, to see in every detail of his bearing a superb and quiet dignity that surrenders nothing, to see the firmness of law, and, with all, a most gracious serious-mindedness, a simplicity and unpretentiousness that are indeed regal for splendour—I tell you that is so novel and so heartening to those of us of the common people that we leap to a high faith that after all, true statesmanship of a patriotic, unselfish, self-sacrificing sort is not dead in our Amercian life. My fellow citizens, whom do we want for President? If we have true, earnest, indulgent love for our America, we are not going to throw this office to the winds, nor to any who would prey upon it. We are going to seriously and sacredly dig about for the gems and jewels of real worth hid away, rather than be lost in enthusiasms at cheap stones that glitter in the sun, but too many to be precious. America has been discovered and now America must discover. It would seem that no man who has been much in the seething pot at Washington can hold the people. America must find a man. Many are thinking he has been found. If he has been found others will at once seek to knife him. This political game has no scruples, except with those who are too tall and majestic to stoop to dishonor, and who would be rather whittled down than to stoop to compromise what they believe and what they are. It is a fact severe that good men are sometimes at the mercy of the selfish. But now, as never, the American people are not blind. Sorrow, sacrifice, the ultimate tests of devotion have opened their eyes, till they see with clearness. And if the American people discover their man, however, or wherever, they are going to call for him, and get him, or know the reason why. Calvin Coolidge is too busy to be out talking for himself. Even if he had time, he doesn't know how. It is because duty is always out and beyond himself. He is not busy looking at himself, praising himself, pampering himself, and this is very evident to all who have seen him or know anything about his history and his life's toil, how he has been climbing the ladder of his public service, rung by rung, till he is now only one rung from the top. People know that if Calvin Coolidge is ever to be taken advantage of as president of the United States, it will not be because Calvin Coolidge is out in the streets leading the cheers for himself, but, if it comes at all, it is because the people of the country have discovered him quietly lost in his work and because they like him, want him, trust him, ask for him and demand him. Things are beginning to look that way at present. Am I voicing something new? I am recording what seem to me the signs of the times. As with no other potential candidate, the power and popularity of Calvin Coolidge is not a boom, but a demand—the call of the people. And political parties know exactly what

the call of the people means. It is a call they cannot well deny or abuse.

We all know the worth and the excellence of soldiers, but it seems that the day for the military hero in the place of statesmanship belongs to a past military age. In these days of unspeakable perplexity no soldier will be elevated to such a responsibility as the presidency unless he is also a proven statesman. A good farmer would perhaps not be a good sailor, or vice versa unless either were really both, likewise when it comes to the matter of the presidency, statesmanship shall be fundamental, military glory only incidental. We can give our military heroes glory enough, and we cannot give them too much, but as they all cannot be president, there is no high virtue in making any one of them president. Moreover, the popular mind does not turn that way in the twentieth century, unless the soldier is also a statesman. If he is that, then well and good and by all means give him preference. Thank God for "hero worship," it has been our salvation again and again. To admire great men and good, to fasten ourselves to them and support them, to be loyal to them, to be guided by their genius and to be shielded by their strength, to magnify their virtues and to emulate them, has been a stimulation and inspiration throughout the building ages of civilization. Men and women of splendor and might capture and charm the imaginations and stir the holy enthusiasms and highest purposes of mankind. And there are the heroisms of the quiet duty,—both grand and good, when the cause is grand and good. And now, after the most wonderful heroisms of war, that the world has ever known, our greatest need is for the heroisms of true statesmanship to guide us through the perilous aftermath of war, to the ways of peace, industry, learning, individual and social sincerity. The "man of the hour" has been a dead phrase, dragged to its death by abuse, for it was pinned on every man that wanted anything. But as never before in the history of our beloved America, this phrase has living meaning. It is indeed "the hour" that trembles with human destiny. And for this hour who is "the man"? It is no prophecy, but to feel the pulse of our nation's life today, it is plain that the man who will be our next president will be the man who achieves, thinks, wins by sheer hard work and merit. He will not win by an artificial, superficial program, but simply because he is the man the people want and clamour for, the man in whom the people have a quiet and an inspired faith, the man in whom the people have seen the qualities of power, and those qualities asserted with humble but telling ruggedness in the hour of public need. Let loud mouths spit their vapour and roar their thunder,—above them shall be heard the sublime silences of dignified, uncompromising statesmanship. In this time when the established forces for stabilizing our social and political life are shaken by vast storms from every point of the compass and from every distance of the planet, our search is for a man who can measure to the task,—a man sizable for the herculean work, a man who, with holy awe for the seriousness of duty and with a sacred self-surrender and dedication for the responsibilities that go with opportunity, will bend his back, his mind, his heart to lift our common load, preserve the strength of our beloved America and the strength of her noble institutions, and to help promote government, and friendship among all the peoples of the earth. If Calvin Coolidge is not that man, we will let him alone, severely alone. If Calvin Coolidge is that man, we want him and we will have him. Some at the present time are thinking that Calvin Coolidge is that man.

ARTICLE V.

CALVIN COOLIDGE—HIS STERLING QUALITIES

(May 28, 1920)

Calvin Coolidge stands in the might of his middle manhood—just at that coveted period of life's opportunity, where there are years of preparation and experience behind one and years of promise and efficiency ahead. He is that type of personality which attracts, and which embodies leadership. He is a little above medium height, tall if anything, of slender build, erect, with a good-shaped head, high, broad, full forehead, exceedingly suggestive of the intellectual, a thin face, long, sharp nose, thin lips, eyes sharp, keen, cutting. A vast shrewdness and clear, quick intellectual power, together with the assurance of perfect poise and the confidence that comes from strength are written unmistakably all over his face. Perhaps when you look at his face, it does not strike you as being remarkable, until you begin in your thought to compare it with other faces that you know, and then you are totally convinced that the face of Calvin Coolidge is unusual—unusual for strength, firmness, calm, intelligence, and beyond this, unusual for simplicity, candor, frankness. There is nothing cheap or deceitful or evasive even hinted at on his face. His face is as honest as an open book. To look at him closely and intently and read all his face tells inspires absolute contentment and confidence.

Apart from its intellectual vigor and the stamp of serious studiousness, his face is childlike for its sincerity, its meekness, its beauty of simplicity. Candor is written all over him. And one feels, to look on his face, that nothing is held back or hidden. It is indeed one of the most unusual faces to be seen to-day anywhere in high office. It is as frank as the out-of-doors of Vermont, his native state, where God smiled on the hills and lit them to beauty. **I fully believe if all the citizens of America could look on the face of Calvin Coolidge they would be inspired to that calm trust in him which they yearn for in their chief executive.** He wins, not by methods, but just by what he is. He captures, not by tooting horns, empty phrases, wild promises, audacious insincerities but by lofty thinking, by mandates, principles, the dignities of statesmanship, the sublimities of government.

SUPERLATIVES OF MANHOOD

Totally unpretentious, he deals, nevertheless, with superlatives, the superlatives of manhood, of personal and of public duty. He says: "We do not make laws, we do but discover them." And that principle is at the heart of his very life and all he is; he feels that law is bigger than he is, it is supreme, even as God is supreme, and he is looking up to read eternal verities, find them out, and interpret them to his fellow-men. It is superb to-day to see statesmanship that has the upward look, the vision that sees the majesty, the everlasting dignity of law, the eternal splendor of the truth and the right, and the statesmanship that will not swerve an inch, nor dare in its heart to even presume to blaspheme or desecrate one detail of this eternal legal majesty and ruggedness.

That sort of statesmanship is vast and superb, it has marked the very apex and summit of statesmanship in the most noble past, and it is the very statesmanship that to-day needs and yearns for. That

statesmanship that gets its decrees, not from below, but from above, is not in our living day so abundantly embodied in any personality as in Calvin Coolidge. It is the sort of statesmanship that makes itself immortal simply because it makes government and its institutions sacred and safeguards their perpetuity. It inspires reverence and confidence. It is the sort of statesmanship based on clean personal living to which, and to which alone, the American people today look with any desire, any affection, any calm confidence, and solid enthusiasm.

We, the people, clamor for unpretentious excellence in high office to-day, a public integrity built on personal integrity, built on the spiritual interpretation of law and life, a fine statesmanship built on the very first requirement—fine manhood, stalwart deeds and responsibilities, on the foundation of the truest loyalties to the simplest details of duty.

HIS GRIPPING POWER OF DICTION

Just to read his book, "Have Faith in Massachusetts," inspires faith in Calvin Coolidge, the commanding governor of Massachusetts. "Above everything else be brief," is one of his laws. Into his book is packed truth boiled down, condensed to its briefest strength until the philosophy and science of government and law are given in mandates. Even, to indulge in no sacrilege, Jesus of Nazareth, in the sermon on the mount, gave the essence of true living in sentences of total truth, that to the living day are sword-thrusts of truth.

The book by Calvin Coolidge reads like a text-book. It is a book of power and it cannot die for many a setting sun and the spin of many a century. Its mandates grip, its truths challenge, its sentences startle with their vigor and seem so total. When they are yielded over, principles have been told out of a heart that has comprehended the genius and spirit of law, and once spoken, they seem to bear the finality of the truth. I call that power. When I read or hear Calvin Coolidge I put my thinking cap on, for I know I am to grip with immensities and majesties, simple and plain though they are, yet to challenge the attention of my mind and heart.

The state papers of the governor have the diction of a Lincoln. That is no secret throughout Massachusetts, for it is a common statement in this grand old state of classic history and of literary lore. But this is by no means to say that these state papers are only masterpieces of literary polish. They are not merely combinations of pretty words—no, not at all. They are sturdy, virile, rugged, they have the sword-thrust and the hammer-stroke. They drive truth home to the heart. They make truth live and throb.

Calvin Coolidge believes that time is not so plenty as to be wasted. He has developed the tremendous skill to do things that are to be done, quickly, do them well, to do them with the genius of precision and with finality. When they are done, they are done. And life is ready for its next duty. I also call that power. And none can deny that the governor of Massachusetts is unique in this respect.

NO TIME FOR USELESS WORDS

It is also true with his words. He is brief. But when he has talked, something has been said. When he is through, he is through. He has no time for useless words. He does not "fool around" in a wilderness of words, trying to arrive, and after he has sought to convey a little light, then try to go through and emerge from another wilderness of words. As soon as he opens his mouth,

thought begins to come forth, unembarrassed, unhampered, rugged, fundamental, vast, and when his intellect has transferred the analysis of his thinking to your mind, without one superfluous word, he quits. He must be gone; for a new duty captures his attention,—the old one has been discharged.

Again in this directness, this quiet power, this pointed finality of public speech, Gov. Coolidge is unique. There is not a man in America that writes or speaks quite as does Calvin Coolidge. There is something exquisite, just a little extra, just a little surpassing about his style. His style has in it that uniqueness that will draw to it an increasing appreciation. Should Calvin Coolidge choose to be a builder of books, his books would win their way to every empire of earth. His style, his grip on the truth, and his conveyance of it are among the most thrilling delights to any who yield to the charm of style, that in these recent days have found their way to the printed page. The student of literature will soon list Calvin Coolidge among those who command for the faultless style, and for stalwart utterance. This man of learning and letters, who loves law and lives it, has lit a new light in literature that will glow after all of us are long dead.

ARTICLE VI.

A MASSACHUSETTS AND A CIVILIZATION VICTORY

Calvin Coolidge is looking mighty good as a man to be seriously considered for the Republican nomination for the presidency. The nomination of Calvin Coolidge would mean his sweeping country-wide election. That fact is not to be debated. He has won his high hold on America. He is the type of man and of the peerless quality, and has won the most dignified and rugged fight for the very sovereignty of law for which all of civilization is striving, that has been called upon to be waged on American soil. While we congratulate Mr. Coolidge himself on the vindication the people have given him for his statesmanship and Americanism we also congratulate Massachusetts, the United States, and world-wide civilization. Just as truly as what happened in Boston was as President Wilson said "a crime on civilization," so by the voice of our people the re-election of Calvin Coolidge, and by this tremendous plurality, is a victory for civilization. Mr. Coolidge last year got only 17,000 plurality, this year over 120,000 plurality and he got 317,191 votes or 59,000 votes more than any man ever heretofore got for the governorship of Massachusetts. It was no wild-fire enthusiasm that put him in.

Wolcott back in 1896, had a bigger plurality than Coolidge, it being the presidential year, on the silver issue, and McKinley for president, but Wolcott only got 258,204 votes. Coolidge on an off year, not carried on a presidential election tide, got 317,191 votes. It is the greatest and most signal victory a man ever won in Massachusetts, and yet through all the campaign, Calvin Coolidge was modest, dignified, cool-headed, statesmanship, a full-sized gentleman and thrillingly American. Massachusetts is proud of her governor, and all America is proud of Calvin Coolidge. Yet in all this pride, doubtless no one is more humble than Calvin Coolidge himself, who, not as a public boss, but as a public servant bends to lift the load of serious responsibilities that is upon him.

The issue, fought to so phenomenal a victory in Massachusetts, where the attack on law and order was so acute, is in reality the big issue before the nation in this coming campaign. It is not a partisan issue. The world is really looking to the United States of America to save it to law and to save it from anarchy. We must carry this victory of Massachusetts to a decided victory throughout the nation and that will mean for the world. The Republican party will seize the heart and mind of all America, if it drafts Calvin Coolidge as its standard bearer. He has climbed with patient perseverance from the humble ranks of life, going from petty office step by step to the governorship of Grand Old Massachusetts; he has called on the people of the Commonwealth to be true to principles of law on which rests all traditional and actual liberty, he has inspired the solid enthusiasms of confidence and respect told by 317,191 votes, in a day of unrest when the Red Flag dares to fly in the face of Old Glory; he has thrilled the nation, he has given new hope, new heart, new security to civilization. Calvin Coolidge has never been defeated. But that is neither here nor there, except that he stands for the real and the right of every issue. Through the years he has been building for the distance, winning his way, not by compromising devices but by great and abiding sincerities. He is exactly the sort of a man

for whom the people of America are calling and it is no hasty prediction that they will not only clamor for him but demand him. The election of Calvin Coolidge as president of the United States, after this issue has been thus fought and won in grand old Massachusetts would be a victory for law and order everywhere. It would be a victory for all mankind. It is a vital issue. Yes, it is a necessity that this victory of Massachusetts be made not nominally but actually the victory of all America, the victory of all peoples, who struggle for the sovereignty of law, and for liberty that comes alone thru law.

THE NATION'S OPPORTUNITY

Calvin Coolidge is the Nation's opportunity. This quiet, cool-headed, firm and purposeful man would put backbone into government everywhere. No one can name or define the measure of his influence thus far in stabilizing government, wherever government is found. His very example, the unique achievement which he wrought has injected courage into conduct on the part of executives everywhere, and more than that, it has weakened the defiance and bold attacks of those who presume to leap at the throat of government. Governor Coolidge has thrilled the thinking and law-abiding people of our Commonwealth, and of people everywhere who have sized up the situation and the import of his stand. Mr. Coolidge has been modest enough to read himself out of the whole performance. He has talked only about the issue and the significance of the right. He has not been talking about "what I did and I did." And yet, despite his own true modesty, we all well know that it was law as embodied in the conviction and personality of Calvin Coolidge which stood like granite for the integrity of government. True heroism does not stand around to indulge self-glory, but abashed by the publicity that its achievement brings slinks away into retirement, having been faithful to its duty. And so with Calvin Coolidge. Others have been speaking his praise, not he himself. Not many politicians are bashful. Nowadays they are chiefly about the boldest folk out. Meekness is not common to the breed. But Calvin Coolidge is unique. At the praising of his name, he slinks from view. No swelling of the chest, no flaunting of self-glory ever could be held against this quiet, firm, unassuming gentleman and statesman. It is as good as a tonic to know that a man of such calibre, such size, and such type is alive. He is the type that the American people, if they ever get to know him, will not only admire, but learn to love. He himself is and lives all he talks. If he speaks about righteousness, integrity, all may be totally confident that these forces are operative in his own personal living. If he talks law and order we may well know that they are already embodied in his own life. He is himself superb for legalism, poise, stability, power—quiet and confident power. All these and their associate qualities are evident in his total bearing and every expression of his personality. Right at home, under the glint and glare of the closest scrutiny, he is honored and beloved, as a man of nobility and sincerity and as a man gifted with a most marvelous mind. The owner of no great local industry, a man of very mediocre means, paying rent for his home in a two-tenement house, one of the common people, and loved by his fellows. Calvin Coolidge has made his home town, Northampton, and his college town, Amherst, to sparkle with what he himself is. And in him Massachusetts and America have been seeing statesmanship superb. One great beauty of it all, he is strictly tending to his duties as governor of Massachusetts, and is not em-

ploying his time and energy seeking higher honors. He is humble, faithful, earnest and of the Lincoln type. He is a real statesman, not a mere self-advertising politician. His speeches and state papers are masterpieces of superb diction and sturdy thought. Nothing anywhere in legal literature excels them. Those who know him at all, through the medium of close observation, are passionately ambitious that he became known and well known, and appreciatively known throughout the entire country. As he himself will not speak and announce what he is, others are impelled and persuaded to speak of him and for him. The quiet and undramatic toiling of some men is apt to be overlooked. As for Calvin Coolidge—he is so unpretentious and so apart from all presumption that he is prone to keep his true greatness hid away and lonely. He is no idler or trifler. He is the sort which captures admiration, fires the imagination, and wins the solid enthusiasms of belief in his integrity and ability. He is somewhat the pride of the East and thousands count him the biggest man in the country for the biggest and hardest job in the World, namely the presidency of the United States of America. His state papers are Lincoln-strong for quality. He is a master thinker, a modest gentleman, and a statesman of the highest order. He is America's Opportunity.

ARTICLE VII.

CALVIN COOLIDGE AND THE PRESIDENCY

It should be now, as never, the office looking for the man, rather than the man looking for the office. Herein lies the discrimination between the statesman and the politician. Statesmen of skill and first worth have often been superceded in place by compromising politicians, for statesmen are apt to be modest pertaining to themselves, while this virtue of modesty is not noticeable in the make-up of ordinary politicians. Politicians sacrifice the public good to feed themselves with glory. Statesmen often sacrifice themselves to save the state, its dignity, its strength, its sacred life. Behold the hog, and behold the servant! To whom do we look in these fretful days? Nothing in 1920 shall be so significant for America, and the world, as the presidential election. Fortunes of mankind tremble on it. It can only be approached with a thinking and a religious seriousness. The ballot is a sacred trust. We need, today, a man Lincoln-like, one whose mind and heart are touched by the infinite sorrow of the world, one whose spirit is tugging at the problem of the race,—I mean the human race, not the Presidential race. We are seeing men, by big number, looking for the office. If all who want it would or could be elected, we almost wonder who would be left to be "the people." This light remark soon irons itself out into seriousness, for while many are seeking the office, the true American people are quietly, earnestly, thoughtfully, prayerfully seeking a man, a manly man, a humble, earnest, a loyal man, a man who will work, and think, and get under the public load, a man who is too busy with tremendous things to be blowing his horn, but who in quiet dignity and in the strength of a great conviction, slaves at his task. Never did we despise politicians as now, never did we loathe cheap public men, as now, never did we turn away with such disgust from the tiny dwarfed spirits that are out crying their own qualities as now. We turn earnestly today toward the man of humility, the man of hard work, of courage, and of quiet servanthood, and somehow in such a man we place our hope and our faith. In the final analysis the people of this country are going to ask for just such a man, they will be wary and careful, they will think once, twice, and a thousand times for they have no desire in this trembling hour to risk their destinies and those of their children with the mere office-seeker, or with the man of no moral, or legal principle, but, when in their still hunt, they find the man who is the quiet embodiment of personal virtue, and of the true dignity of uncompromising selfhood, who speaks only when words are loaded with thought and speaks with courageous ruggedness—when the American people, whose hearts and imaginations at this time are fixed and captured only by the qualities of a substantial idealism,—when in their patient searching they discover a man with such qualities, regardless of party, regardless of almost everything else under the sun, they will ask for that man, clamour for him, beg for him, and yes they will demand him. They will be satisfied with no other. There are responsibilities that go with power, and the people of America are not going to yield over the power of this chief office in the world to the one who will flaunt and prosecute it for his own plaudits, but who in all the meekness of servanthood, which is the spirit

of true greatness, will assume the responsibilities of that power, with a most solemn sense of the sacred trust committed to his care. The thinking quality of our American citizenship, make up the true friends, and choice of law and order. They discern today, as never before, and they discern through the windows of their own heart-break, the sanctities which so many men in public life have been so unspeakably desecrating, that, weary of political tricksters, and weary of political hypocrisy, and weary of the travesty on unsullied legalism and the blasphemy on dignified government, the American people are not going to release very readily to any individual the power and responsibility of the Presidency. As any man, who of any spiritual size considers the sacred dignity of the marriage altar, would not seriously consider any would-be candidate who superficially parades before him, but rather one who has captured his intellectual and spiritual confidence and admiration, so the American people are not looking at the parade of those marching as candidates, keeping step to their own drum beat, but they are looking earnestly at the man, who toiling arduously at his task, has captured their increasing confidence, affection, and admiration. Against the back-ground of the war, the background of sacrifice, heart-break, and the sorrowing sincerities of mankind, against the background of idealism and sublimity in the very heart of humanity, the cheap politician, out crying his own praise, making the old cheap political appeals that hoodwinked so many in former days,—such things look silly, laughable, yes pathetic and disgusting today. Other men are out bursting their throats crying their own praises, whooping it up for themselves, beating their own drums, tooting their whistles, exercising the brawn of silly political gymnastics, but there is a statesman in Massachusetts, who we know is hard at work, busy at his task, exercising the brain and heart that yield themselves over to the faithful, unpretentious and earnest doing of duty. His is a faithful statesmanship, he is a true servant. I need not speak his name, for his name is on the lips of men far and near, so that Americans are wondering if, indeed, they have not at last found the man for whom they have been looking, the man in whose mind is that genius of discernment, in whose heart is that idealistic legalism, whose personality is the very embodiment of what they cherish, and for which during these last dark years they have been giving their all to preserve. If the American people come to believe, as seems to be the trend of their confidence, that this quiet and earnest man of Massachusetts is to this measure expressive of their own desires, and the living embodiment of their own truest ideals, then the American people will have this man as their chief servant, and they will have no other, and nothing can stop them. The American people are built that way. The fact is, not methods, but sublimities, not schemes but dignities, not trumpet-blasts, but quiet sanctities shall determine who the next President of the American people shall be. He shall come to his responsibility not by the proud parade, but by the bent back of hard toil. He shall come not by a boom, but by a demand of the people. He shall come not with gushing self-confidence, but with a trembling awe for the sacredness of his duty. Only he who comes in such a fashion can come at all. The American people are too broken to have any joy in a big-chested egotist,—they want a servant, the man who will slave at his task, the man who in the humility of all seriousness will tug at their problems, and at the problems of the world. It matters not at all what party he is from. Government and civilization are .

above party. It matters not at all what section of the country he is from, whether New Mexico, Montana, Missouri, Massachusetts, or what part. The Empires of humanity are above the traditions and localisms of petty notion. It matters much however whether or not he has been mixed up in the broils, the confusions, and entanglements of the last few years. Just so he comes, clean of life, of mind, of heart, clean of purpose, true to government and righteousness, courageous and powerful, and humble—just so he comes, that I take it, is what the American people are yearning for today. The Lincoln of our last generation is dead, except that he lives in the throbbing hearts of men, all over the planet. We must find some one truly Lincoln-like for a bleeding, broken world today, someone who has kept still unless there was reason for speaking, and who, when he spoke, spoke with such sublimity and sturdy courage, that all men admired, and who, when he acted, acted with the master-stroke. Matters local often are world-wide with meaning. The voice that speaks out of the clamour of a city in terror, may be the final answer for our whole American civilization. The pep, the courage, the virility, the nobility of one great deed, not only puts pep, courage and backbone into the life of law and government through out America, but it reveals under fire, the quality of the doer of the deed. Souls tell what they are only in the testing, and the chief genuineness of it all is the humility of the heroic. Men have been alive on the planet long enough to need only a flash-light of revelation, in the darkness of things, to discern the souls of power. Genius is persistency, it is patient toiling, faithful building, but after the long years, its crowning achievements are the master-strokes of the moment. What a soul does at the moment of crisis in spite of vast tonnage of pressure, throws open the hidden secrets, tells the whole story of life's quality and power. Moments throb with meaning, and men are finding that out and they seize moments and employ them for centuries and for destinies. The one argument of a man, or for a man, is the argument of what he does and what he is. All else is sham and nothingness. In the day of the blackest blasphemies on the sacredness of our living, we want for our chief, our servant, the man of the loyalties, whom we know by the testing, will stand like rock in the hour of cyclone. We want a true brain, and a huge soul, a soul of dignity and candour and simplicity of motive and goodness to lead us through the dark of things. We will not follow any other. Human sentiment is not wishy-washy now-a-days. It is not to be played with in this time of stern necessities, and of faltering hopes, and yet a time of human sublimities and of a human faith that refuses to die. Civilization has been nearer the breakdown of government in these times than ever before. There is no denying of this and there is no fooling with the seriousness and the delicacy of it. Into all the channels of our political and governmental affairs must be turned the currents of life and of stabilizing power. The surest way this can be done is to get into our chief office, for the personification of government, that statesmanship which is the living embodiment of legalism, of pure motive, of true sincerity, and the highest and most substantial idealism of our day. Calvin Coolidge is all of this.

ARTICLE VIII.

CALVIN COOLIDGE—HIS FIBER OF MIND AND HEART

(Right after his re-election to the Governorship.)

Having served in the City Council, and as city solicitor of Northampton, as state representative, mayor of his home city, State Senator, President of the Senate, as Lieutenant Governor, and one of most conspicuous ability, and then as Governor of the Bay State with such poise, firmness, and statesmanship as to attract the attention and capture the confidence of all America, Calvin Coolidge has risen through the logical steps, and ever a man of marked studiousness in the field of law and government, till he stands today a commanding national figure, in whom citizenship, far and wide, see embodied and fearlessly expressed those qualities which if released in the added prestige of the presidency would inject, as nothing else would or could, stability and security into government and civilization which have been shaken and endangered during the last few years as never before in the history of the World. Mr. Coolidge has never been defeated. That is neither here nor there. To know the man is to know that his constant victories have been due, not merely to unerring diplomacy and a superbly clever discernment, but a thousand times more to the man himself, his genuineness, his hundred percent. Americanism, his higher loyalty to the higher things of personal and public living, his unyielding legalism, his caution, his care, his calm, his cool-headedness, his clear seeing and thinking and his dauntless courage. He is every inch a man, a patriot, a statesman, a thinker. He has never lost his steadiness of head or nerve. Never in his life has he been rattle-brained, nor has he gushed or splurged. And he has never been swept away by excitement, passion, frenzy, or clamor. He has always been first and foremost master of himself, and then master of the situation. He has thought, and thought true and well, before he has spoken or acted. And when he has spoken or acted, it has been with deliberation, decisiveness, finality. Any who know Calvin Coolidge know that what he has said has been well said, what he has done has been well done, and is exceedingly apt to be right. He is slavishly faithful to his trust. He attributes a serious sacredness to his duty. He feels the immensity of living and the immensity of responsibility. If the public gives him something to do, he believes that he must give answer to the public for the trust which has been committed to his care, that he must be the fulfillment of all that the public expects and needs, or he is recreant to that trust. And it is because of this idealism in his conception of public office that Calvin Coolidge has never been a failure. He knows and embodies the true secret of success,—success is enthroned within his own personal living. His character is without blemish. He is one of the most virile intellectual giants of our day. He is the clearest and the most comprehensive of legalists. He is one of the most trenchant writers that has couched truth in words in this generation. His words leap alive and all a'tingle from the printed page. His thoughts spring agile and athlete-limbed before us with almost an uncanny bigness of wisdom. He talks in proverbs.

Around such a personality come, of course, question-marks as to just who he is. What is his identity? What started him forth on such a stride across the empires of civilization? Along with the ex-

clamation-points of praise, commendation, confidence, enthusiasm, admiration that surround the statesmanship and the intellectual dignity of Calvin Coolidge, there come the question-marks as to the romance of his living, the whither of the man, the how of his early days, and those personal things that belong to the heart-throbs, the poetries, the home-like things of all our human living.

Calvin Coolidge was born in Plymouth, Vermont, July 4th, 1872. His early home was a small farm, and humble enough to capture the imaginations and to be true to the traditions, so sacred and so well loved in the heart of every American. In his character and courage seem to be the very firmness of the granite out of which are built the hills of Vermont, his native state. He was born on the 4th of July, a fact in itself not significant, but it is significant that for patriotism, for Americanism, for unswerving loyalty to the traditions, the democracy, the fundamentals of our national life, no one surpasses Calvin Coolidge. He is under 50 years of age by a margin of a couple of years—and stands at that vigor of manhood, when brain and heart and experience and promise are at their best. He has been in politics for 31 years, but it has been for him not so much a "game" as a big sincerity, a field for servanthood and the doing of a noble task. At Amherst College from which he graduated in 1895, he revealed his type of scholarship and his legal mind, was Grove Orator and won the Gold Medal—first prize—given by the Sons of the American Revolution, for the best essay on the principles of the war for American Independence, in competition with undergraduates of all colleges in America. Studying law in the law office of Hammond & Field in Northampton and in twenty months being admitted to the bar, he became a lawyer of recognized power and skill. Mr. Coolidge's home is still in Northampton where he, with his family, consisting of a wife and two young sons, live in one side of a double tenement house on Massasoit Street. In the last election for the Governorship of Massachusetts, Mr. Coolidge had the distinction of getting 59,987 more votes than any other man ever got for that office. Guild had received 188,068 votes, McCall had received 222,145 votes, Murray Crane had polled 228,051 votes, and back in 1896 Wolcott got 258,204 votes, the highest number before Coolidge's time. Calvin Coolidge in this, his second campaign received 317,191 votes, or 58,987 votes more than any other man ever received for the Governorship in the history of Massachusetts. It was the more signal victory, in that his former victory over his democratic opponent, who was also his opponent this time, had been only by a 17,000 plurality. This sweeping victory, which way out-did the most sanguine hopes of his most ardent supporters, was the more signal in that it was not on the tide of any presidential election as was Wolcott's vote, nor was it on any other issue than a state issue, and a vindication of and an expression of confidence in the ability and statesmanship of Calvin Coolidge. That is, the issue did not come from outside. It was local. And yet the issue—that of law and order, of true Americanism, of the sovereignty of Government, is the most significant issue in all the nation today. And that is exactly why all Americans from coast to coast instinctively look toward Calvin Coolidge, as the Nation's Opportunity. He, above any other man, because of what he embodies, is in the position and has the personality and capacity to put back-bone into our national life, and to revitalize, stabilize, and make secure the fact of law and government. And that is just what America most needs today. It is what all civilization needs. Men, political parties, the Nation are a failure without just this thing. It is the biggest issue in America today. Calvin

Coolidge is the biggest figure and the most triumphant warrior in the testing of this issue on American soil. It is nothing strange that America should look his way. We in Massachusetts are sometimes conservative and stoical—we are afraid of enthusiasm and are note-worthy laggards at it, we are poor boosters—we have had many rugged Statesmen through the decades of our American life, but have given no Presidents to the nation since John Adams and John Quincy Adams. Nor are we boosting Calvin Coolidge. But his name is on the lips of all America and we are by no means blind to his virtues nor unappreciative of his statesmanship. From one edge of the Commonwealth to the other, we gratefully realize the firm sense of security this man of legal force and honesty has put into our social and governmental life. As to what was involved, there is no need nor disposition to recount the details of the issue in Boston, details well known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico and, I doubt not, to all the civilized world, but it almost startles us, when, in our thought we try to measure all that was really and essentially involved, all that would have resulted far and wide had he, Calvin Coolidge, been weak, vacillating, compromising, and "diplomatic" in the sense that he might have been. And it is totally impossible for anyone on earth to measure the far and wide influences of his stand, for law and order and government, all over the planet and through all the years to come. That influence and that effect belong to the silences and to the constructive quietudes of conserved and building civilization. Human liberty is through law, and Calvin Coolidge in the clamour of terror when his own political fortunes were in the balance, thought only of the right, only of his public duty, only of government and its fundamental principles, and he exercised every prerogative of his office to assert the right. It has been said, when a friend solicitous for his political career, became worried about Mr. Coolidge's firm refusal to negotiate with the striking policemen and expressed that fear to the Governor he made the characteristic reply: "It doesn't matter whether I am Governor of Massachusetts again or not." His one thought and concern was as to what was fundamentally right. And that is what people in the final analysis and in these trying times like. In other days and times they may have tolerated and even applauded, to some extent, cheap men, crafty politicians, and petty performers, but not so today. People have suffered, and sacrificed too much, they have demonstrated their patriotism and loyalty, not shirking the cost and the supreme cost, to such a faithful degree, they are so aware of the seriousness of the living day, they have seen the very foundations of government in all the world shaken as they have never been so shaken before, they see such perils and such problems before them, that they will have nothing to do with corrupt men, or questionable men, or weak men, or unskilled men, or mere agreeable men, they want, ask for, clamour for, demand, must have good men, serious men, skilled men, statesmen-like men, men of brain, men of heart, men of 100% Americanism, men of world vision, for their service, and to be entrusted with their government, their liberty, their peace and prosperity. There is no disposition to say that there is only one man of that type in America. Not by any means. America is a fertile field for goodness, for greatness, for patriotism and democracy. Only to say, and it does not need to be said, that Calvin Coolidge bulks big in every way that thinking and earnest men are considering today. I say this as one of the common people—the common people who, after all, make up the toiling arm, the throbbing mind, and the loyal heart of all America.

ARTICLE IX.

CALVIN COOLIDGE WELCOMED HOME FROM BOSTON AFTER HIS NOMINATION FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

(June 16, 1920)

Tuesday, June 15th at 5 p. m., Calvin Coolidge came home. Home for him is Northampton, Massachusetts. The town was glad-colored with bunting and flags. There was the music of bands, and of mirth, and of elated voices. The town was out with enthusiasm to welcome its pride and its beloved. I stood in the crowd, and it was interesting to listen to some of the old characters of the town talking about "Cal," always in terms of intimate fondness, quiet confidence, and enthusiasm. I heard many reminiscences recited. One man said "Cal was not born great, he did not have greatness thrust upon him; he achieved greatness." "And this town owns him, by ding," I heard another say. "Just watch him," said another, "he will be as cool as a cucumber. He never loses his head or gets excited." Calvin Coolidge, for the truth, never gets a crowd going, he never seeks to excite a throng. His whole bearing is that of such unbroken calm and quietude that he invites the crowd to demonstrate the same calm and quietude, and which it is very much inclined to do. This is quite as much, if not more so, the contagious influence of his personality, than if with frenzied excitement he should work the crowd to excitement. There is no passion, no bluff, no camouflage to him. And the guarantee is that the response of the crowd is total genuineness, and as much a matter of quiet sincerity, as is his own true, simple, and unassuming manner. He will be a political novelty in Washington, as he has indeed been in Massachusetts. He is solid, strong, simple, true, sincere, brave, legalistic, modest, dignified, intellectual and silent. To see him and hear him, you know he is a man, and that he is as frank as sunshine.

The welcome home, as Vice Presidential nominee was total, it was wholesome, appetizing, sincere, and solid with the enthusiasms of confidence and affection. Through the streets of Northampton went the procession, Mr. Coolidge bowing again and again, with modest earnestness to his neighbors who were greeting him with loyal love. Arriving at the humble home, in response to words of welcome spoken to him, "Cal" talked to his neighbors in a simple, modest, appreciative and neighborly way. He is a man of the common people. His life is told in the "plain and simple annals of the poor" and one simply cannot help but think about Abraham Lincoln when he speaks. As we speak about Abraham Lincoln in reference to Calvin Coolidge, it is not at all in the sense that the great Western Woodsman is alluded to in order to add luster to some modern name. In Calvin Coolidge we actually sense a similarity. Coming from comparative poverty, from quiet rural life, winning by sheer merit, sincerity, and hard work, being honest, just, humble, appreciative, and intensely human, this man of admirable intellect and lowly heart is more Lincoln-like than any one in public life since the Immortal Emancipator was in our midst. As Calvin Coolidge is loved by Northampton, as he is loved by Massachusetts, so he will be loved by

all America. Americans high and low, of all classes, degrees, and dispositions, the rich, the learned, the mighty, as well as the lowly, will rival each other to do him honor and to lay sincere and worthy tributes at his feet. I say with positiveness that Calvin Coolidge is the outstanding man in America today.

CALVIN COOLIDGE—AN AMERICAN

Facts are sharp-toothed, they dig deep and bite. They startle us to submission. There is no debate or persuasian against them. We may be wary to yield the soul's enthusiasms any man's way. We may with stolid stoicism wall them within us. But silence may be as dishonest as spoken untruth. If a man steps forth with that mien of mind, solemnness of soul, and dignity of duty that impell the awaking of inner admiration, there is no big virtue in not talking out loud. From edge to edge of America Calvin Coolidge is a name that stimulates praise and commands the enthusiasms of confidence. As for the manner of man himself, he is too big to be hurt by high plaudits, and lowly in heart enough to count them a challenge. They inspire him to endeavor the better to merit them. Truth, like a sword-thrust, startles his mind awake to the sense of duty. Hard work is his chief policy. He is energetic to comprehend all that is involved in any line of procedure. He takes time to think. He calls all his fine-orbed faculties into play in his critical thought-processes. When his mind has functioned to the full, and he is certain of his conclusions, there is no altering. He is not hesitant with indecision, he is as firm to his view as rock, there is no varying or vacillation. He has the humility of caution, he has the confidence of conviction. He is not proud, but he believes tremendously in Calvin Coolidge. Those same deep and true qualities, so cautiously schooled within him, that make him believe in himself are exactly the self-same qualities that make others believe in him. And he has that candour which invites the confidence of others. In this day of big matters, and big of necessity, there is a common confidence that he can give hope and help to America. He has that poise, that power of self possession, which gives the sense of security. Modest, deliberate, cautious, deep in the silences of thought, speaking only when there is something to be said, and then with the finality of authority and the decisiveness of conviction, he is exactly that type of man, who, in the storm of our present world, reassures, gives trust, quietude and confidence. Calvin Coolidge tremendously strengthens the Republican ticket. His name has become a household possession throughout the land. He will lift the dignity of the Vice Presidency, and make out of it a great office. Having a President-sized man in the second office of the Nation will give a double sense of strength to the government, and pour vitality through the veins and arteries of all our national life. The Vice Presidency will not shelve Calvin Coolidge. It will afford the Nation the opportunity the better to discover, appreciate, and honor him. If he lives, and under the high tension to which he puts himself maintains his health, he is destined to come to the Presidency, which office he would grace with intellectual magnificence and statesmanship of the first order. Calvin Coolidge is a full-orbed American. His life, his career, his climb to position and power, his victory over circumstances are all typically American. If any should ask the distinctiveness of America, one might well reply "Look at Calvin Coolidge—he is an American." Even as the opportunities in America have made Calvin Coolidge, so America in return will be better and greater because of Calvin Coolidge

ARTICLE X.

THE BIRTHDAY OF OUR GOVERNMENT AND OF OUR GOVERNOR

(A Sermon Preached at Amherst, Mass., July 4, 1920)

It is wonderful to be the recipient of joys handed down from the yesterdays, and made possible by souls who labored with vision and consecration. It is even more wonderful to be among those who are seeking to build and with equal fidelity, for those who are to come. This is our glorious privilege as Americans. "I am an American citizen" is not an empty pretentious boastfulness. It is a significant responsibility. It is to possess the true charter of personal liberty, whose chief gift is the opportunity to serve. Because we are a free people, we are in that unique position where we may minister to the entire world. Those, who in bondage hunger for liberty, instinctively look to America for hope and help. And many in our land have worked late and long to furnish that hope and help to peoples of the earth who were otherwise hopeless and helpless. The miracle of American development is the romance of the centuries. On none of the pages of history is there a story of such charm, and thrill, and fascination as on those pages where are told the finding of America, the toil and spirit of the brave souls who plowed their way across the sea to our virgin soil, and the story of the building of a "new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that men are created free and equal. . . ." On this our national day, it is easy to indulge the froth of an empty patriotism, born of the shallow enthusiasms of thoughtlessness. But those of us who seek to dig deep to underlying principles, know that patriotism is a matter of life, from year to year, it is not the noisy excitement of the hour, but the steadfast loyalty which is inspired by the sober and energetic enthusiasms of love. We must love our country, before we can be truly loyal to it. And we cannot presume on patriotism until we are loyal to our country, which means loyalty to its laws, loyalty to its principles—those principles on which it was founded, and which are the guarantee of its perpetuity.

This identical year is notably significant, for it was three hundred years ago this year that the Pilgrim Fathers stepped forth on Plymouth Rock. It is impossible for us to totally suppress our pride for Massachusetts, and for the way that things historic wrap themselves about our Commonwealth. All America and all the world instinctively look toward Massachusetts as being the birthplace of the new liberty. It is with sorrow that we are compelled to admit that in our recent years so much of the splendor of those historic ideals has been befouled and desecrated. Here in Massachusetts we must seek to maintain the true glory of the past, not alone of reverence for the past, but out of reverence for the ever-living present, and we must call on those who come to our shores to help us in this big and holy obligation. Coming as I myself did from North Dakota, the vast new empire of the prairies, where the summer winds of wild liberty blow laden with the fragrance of the crocus and the wild rose, and in winter where the sky tumbles down its loads of snow, I felt thrills unspeakable upon coming into Massachusetts, for the land where I was cradled was all too new to have any history apart from that lost in the tragedy of the savages who once roamed the Western plains. It was in Massachusetts where the first great dreams were dreamed.

It was in Massachusetts where the rock was bared and the pillars builded for our rugged institutions. It was in Massachusetts where men with the passion to be free alive in their hearts, hurled defiance against political and ecclesiastical slavery, met the storms of savages and the still worse storms of a New England winter, and with courage dauntless, and hearts valorous built a new Nation, whose benefits we now enjoy and whose obligations we also now assume.

When I first came to Massachusetts I visited many places of historic renown. It was a place where had lived great men, who were the doers of great deeds. Perhaps did no places thrill me as did Concord and Lexington, and no place stimulated in me deeper, more grateful, and more quickening meditation than did Plymouth. Many of you undoubtedly have been there and have looked on Plymouth Rock. Many of you have seen there the statue of "Faith," with its four figures looking to the four points of the compass, "Morality," "Law," "Education," and "Freedom." Indeed ethics, legalism, learning and liberty, to the degree that they are vouchsafed and fostered in our nation, are the strength and splendor of our nation. The glory of our Nation rests in its citizenship. We cannot posit that glory in its traditions, its constitution, its legal documents and its institutions, only in so far as these are expressive of the ideals and loyalties of its people. The glory of America is the American people. As with them grew the history of our country, so with them rests its destiny. The stability of government is no more certain than the stability of the human heart, the strength of its ideal is no greater than the vigor of the human mind, the steadfastness of its quality is not more abiding than the loyalties of human love and conviction. Patriotism is not a creed, but a life. It is not noisy demonstration, but consistent obedience. It is as firm in December as on the Fourth of July.

A mandate written on paper cannot compare with a mandate expressed in life. Law in a book is nothing as compared with law embodied in a personality. Americanism, as an abstract ideal, is nothing as compared with Americanism actualized in a living, thinking, energetic America. Today we have two birthdays in one. It is the birthday of America, and it is the birthday of Calvin Coolidge, whose very name is a synonym for Americanism. He represents patriotism not in the abstract, but patriotism of the most virile, personalized, stalwart, and humane type. I know no better way to speak of patriotism than to speak of a patriot. I know no better way to speak of Americanism than to speak of an American. It is a strange and striking and suggestive coincidence that the birthday of America and of this distinguished American are the same. It is not a blind fatalism, nor a conscious foreordination, yet the very gods seem to have fixed his star of destiny. Heretofore we have linked patriotism with Washington, or we have linked it with Lincoln. Now the opportunity so readily yields itself to link it with Calvin Coolidge, one who is not long dead, but is today a living embodiment of American liberty as actualized through law. Let no one be so narrow-minded as to mistake me. I risk no delicacy, and I venture no impropriety. I speak of him not as a candidate but as a citizen, not as a partisan but as a patriot, not as a politician but as an American, not as a political aspirant but as a man. Were he a member of any other party than the one to which he belongs my voice would be the same. Were he in private life, rather than the recipient of a generally unexpected nomination for high office, his manhood, his citizenship would still appeal. I speak of him not as one idealized in the

intoxicated imaginations of men, but as one soberly idolized and honored, as a strong and true American ought to be honored in this day of much unrest. On this, the birthday of the American Government, I speak of Calvin Coolidge as a living embodiment of Americanism. Patriotism and religion are akin. It is our religious duty to be true patriots, good citizens, and law abiding Americans. America stands for what is right. It is built on principles of justice, and liberty, and righteousness. And these principles must be embodied in us, or we are not true Americans. The life and deeds of Calvin Coolidge cannot fail to be an inspiration, not only to the youth of America, but to all Americans who would support the principles upon which the Nation was founded.

Calvin Coolidge stands for simple courage and honest fidelity. The question is asked "What's in a name?" Things and men are known not by their tag but by what they are. Yet it can at least be said that Calvin Coolidge is well-named. The name "Calvin" is true to the firm, resolute, legalistic dauntlessness of the man. He is as firmly grounded as the Calvinists of yesterday. He is as solid as the mountains of his own Vermont. Where his convictions are, there he is. Foe or storm cannot drive him away. There are men in this world who cannot be shaken. Calvin Coolidge is one. Moreover, the word "Coolidge" rings true to the man. He is "as cool as a cucumber," and there is an edge to everything he says and does. He is sane, sober, gifted with poise, and sharp with decision and definiteness. Because of what he is the name Calvin Coolidge has significance across the continent. That name is a synonym for law and order. It is the antithesis of lawlessness and disorder. It is a binding guarantee for a square deal. It stands for vision, courage, and character. It means rugged fibre of mind and heart. It means vigor of pronouncement and virile declaration. The very name inspires and commands the enthusiasms of respect.

Mr. Coolidge is so thoroughly patriotic that with prophetic shrewdness he even chose a town by the name of Plymouth to be born in. And he arrived in the land of his love, and the land which he was to so nobly serve on the Fourth of July. It was on our Country's natal day, the 4th of July, back in 1872, 48 years ago today that word went forth in that little Vermont country town that a man-child had been born. Little was the dream at that time of what was to be. But under the goodness of God and the democracy splendid of our country, souls are not circumscribed by the humbleness of their origins. It is not far in America from the Log Cabin to the White House; it is not a big distance from poverty to prestige, from obscurity to usefulness, if only sincerity and hard work lead the way. And Calvin Coolidge was sincere. He knew how to work with unremitting and patient perseverance, he had the ability to think, he was inspired and impelled by tremendous convictions, until out of the solitudes of the unknown, he is lauded in the multitudes, as a dynamic personality whose force of mind and soul has shaken the planet. "Do the day's work" has always been his policy. And he kept ever at his immediate task until summoned to some higher and harder task. His has been thus a natural and a gradual rise, not for the pampering of self, but for the assuming of some public obligation. His forward going has not been forced, pretentious, or done by the wild clamor, the drum-beat, and the flying of banners. It has been the uphill trudging of an earnest and honest man who has sought to do his duty and to do it well. He has sought that faultlessness in the doing of his task which

might be approximated in the full devotion to his work, which is the secret of all true efficiency. Early in life he was bent on an education, and coming to our own historic college town, Amherst, he has hung new laurels on its brow. In College he won the gold medal offered by the Sons of the American Revolution for the best essay on the principles involved in the War for American Independence, a prize which he won in competition with the undergraduates of all American Colleges. In college he was a diligent student; he revealed the excellent fibre of his mind; he was quiet with that terrific silence which has always characterized him; he was honorable and honored, and when in 1895 he received his diploma he started forth in that career which thus far has made him worthily elected a dozen or more times to some one of different offices, with the American people drafting his qualities of mind and soul for still higher public employment. He has never been defeated, and he is so clear-seeing that he perhaps never will. He was a remarkable mayor of his home city, Northampton. In the State Legislature his was a most practical, sane and constructive statesmanship. The gods have supplied him with an amazing abundance of common sense. He has a business head, a wise tongue, wise both in action and restraint, and a loyal heart. He is well acquainted, and on good terms with hard work. His patriotism, his skill, his fidelity, his purpose, have always commanded and merited confidence. So masterful an administrator of the State Senate he was that he was re-elected without a dissenting vote. And on that Boston issue which was essentially civilization-wide, he was re-elected Governor of Massachusetts by a plurality of 124,273 votes, receiving 317,191 votes, the largest ever given to any one man by the electorate of Massachusetts, and this, not on the tide of a Presidential election. That is the testimony of the people of our historic Commonwealth concerning this man who wins not by "adjectives" and pretentious phrases and pleasing platitudes, but by what he is, what he believes and what he does, especially what he does under test and fire.

True there was a tremendous issue involved. And also, true, the people could be depended upon to see the right and vindicate the right. It is as Bishop McConnell says in the foreword to his "Democratic Christianity" "the marks of the control of the people will be upon every social institution henceforth as never before. The conflict is a conflict of peoples—and the peoples who have passed through the fires of the battle will never turn back to the former days." He says this with regard to the war and the world upheaval. But, as Calvin Coolidge himself claims, the people can be depended upon. And they showed in the State election, as well as in their later response throughout the Nation, just where they stood in their practical relationship with regard to the issue of law and order. I need not recite any of the gruesome, barbarous, and un-American details of the affair in Boston, but only to hint at the far and wide results contingent upon its correct settlement. In a very realistic and true sense Boston became the battle-ground for civilization. Society was facing one of its greatest crises. The thing that happened in Boston was only one ominous outbreak of the wide-spread social unrest which was making wide-spread threats against the sovereignty of Government and the supremacy of law. No one saw all that was involved more clearly than did Governor Coolidge himself, as revealed in that masterful address of his in the pre-election rally in which he showed that human liberty, and all the institutions and benefits of civilization rest on a basis of law and order. Let law

and order be over-run, these benefits and institutions are gone. Big forces were brought to bear upon the Governor to coerce him, to intimidate him, to get him to take a compromising and conciliatory course. It seemed that his firm, defiant stand even jeopardized his own political fortunes and imperilled the chance for his re-election. Many another man would have, in diplomatic leniency, backed down with cowardice and deathly palour, mortally afraid of the issue. Not so with a statesman of the stuff of Calvin Coolidge. He saw, if the foe to the supremacy to law should win the day, everywhere the elements of unrest and lawlessness would be encouraged to strike at the heart of Government, and the ultimate results would be unspeakable. Coolidge, regardless of danger, braced all the skill and all the conviction of his personality against the insidious peril. Like Horatius at the bridge he stood valiant to defend the right. Not only was the real Coolidge revealed in the issue, but new backbone and courage and stability were injected into government officials everywhere. Schooled all through his life to an unyielding legalism, to a reverence for law and for duty and for righteousness, Coolidge could do no other than to be his true self in all the fire, storm, and crash of that situation, before which a less brave and noble man would have cowered and been swept away. Not expediency but duty was his call, and saying that "in this way treason lies" he struck his blow at those untoward forces which would presume to arrogate authority to themselves as over against the sovereignty and dignity of the law. Government or anarchy were the two alternatives. In the face of possible political ruin he fearlessly hurled himself into the vortex as the champion of law and order, saying those words which shall refuse to die "there is no right to strike against the public safety by anyone, anywhere, anytime." He matched the sinews of lawlessness by the sinews of his own righteous courage, refusing to "traffic with disorder" and placing a well-merited faith in the people to support him in his cause. The ultimate results of his victory can only be guessed at, they can never be fully known, but it is a certainty that they are civilization-wide. That victory has given support to government, and to law and order everywhere. As Pope says

"Order is Heaven's first law, and this contest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,"

Calvin Coolidge dared to do as his convictions commanded and thereby has become the harbinger of our greater liberty and our more complete security through legal restriction. The American people have responded to his courageous call and have by no means left him lonesome in the defense of the majesty of law. This free people can be depended upon to support those institutions through which their very liberty is made their abiding possession.

Life's conduct is built on life's philosophy. Life's philosophy fits one for his own expression in emergency and test. When life is true and builds true, it need not fear the evil day. Honesty and sincerity never need to take flight nor to clothe their deeds with smooth and oily words. People of honesty, honor, and the nobility of sincerity are inspired by the very nature of the case, to a flaming belief in themselves. There is no disposition to talk about goodness in order to cover up their lack of it. There is no cleverness to kneel at the altars of righteousness in order to shield their filthiness. It is what Calvin Coolidge is which speaks with even greater and more startling effectiveness than what he says. He believes that right is at the heart of the universe, that goodness is elemental in progress,

that nothing anywhere or in any manner justifies the compromise of the right. Where right is, there is abiding power. Where right is not, there lies crashing failure. Calvin Coolidge is not impelled by mere political expediency, but by usefulness to his country. His is true statesmanship, genuine patriotism, virile and decisive Americanism. He answers public needs, not by sophistry but by solid wisdom. He never loses his head. His feet are always on the ground. He is never drunk with prestige. He is never made dizzy by plaudits. He is clear-seeing. He is true-hearted. His own father paid him a most complete and substantial tribute by saying "Calvin can always be depended upon to do the right thing." There are in this world some souls who cannot be cajoled, intimidated, compromised, and who will not sell out, who would "prefer death with honor rather than life with shame" and Calvin Coolidge is of that sort whose souls are eternal. That is what makes him both our public opportunity and our public necessity. The intellectual strength, the courage, the honesty and determination that are written on his very face are the very stuff out of which he is built. His vision, his knowledge, his character are a public asset in high office today. His life has a plan and he follows it. He is first the master of himself. Law and order rule supreme within his own personality. They are the habit of his being. That is why with calm and consistency he can demand and enforce them without. He is brief, he is sure, he is humble, he is quiet, he has faith, he works, he is earnest and honest, he is no man's fool. And it is the philosophy in which his life is founded and grounded, which has revealed him under fire, and which has made him the defender of law and order. As a politician, there is in him no letting down of the dignity of the government which he is pledged to support and enforce. As a patriot he salutes "the Stars and Stripes forever the emblem of militant liberty." He is not a narrow partisan, but a patriot, who fights for those conditions which shall "provide for every American citizen the full measure of his manhood." It is expressive of that disposition of his to inject more of the humane into government. Calvin Coolidge is as truly human as any statesman has ever been in American life. He does not see the public as impersonal integers to be exploited, he sees them as living men and women, for whom and for whose interests he must bend every talent and conviction in order to faithfully serve. He regards himself not as boss, but as servant, and yet sometimes to serve means defiant independence to enforce the right as he sees it. Without truckling he would put his poise against the passions of the throng. He is as stalwart stuff as Roosevelt, but not so vociferous; as humble as Lincoln, as honest and as superb a stylist; as immovable as Lodge but less provincial; as firm as the granite in the hills of Vermont and his name will be as abiding. Calvin Coolidge is a man! I do not believe in extolling only those who are long dead. He is alive in our living, our throbbing, our needy yet our hopeful world today. We hear and read his words. We see his deeds. We heed his counsels. We are protected and benefited by his statesmanship. With men like him living in the America of today to inspire our youth, to command the confidence of our citizens, to safeguard the institutions of our Government and to defend our right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," how we American people ought to take heart and go forward with gladness and flaming faith! It is around such public servants that the American people throw the enthusiasms of affection. We cannot love what we cannot respect. Nature has built us that way. That which is cheap and commonplace can never hold our love. But we rely on the skill

of Calvin Coolidge as being the skill of genuineness. His great popularity throughout the country, as demonstrated in the remarkable spontaneous enthusiasm of the Republican Convention reveals the fact that the American people, believe in him. It is as though the people of the Nation endorse the verdict of the Massachusetts people that government shall endure and that its foes shall be driven back and down, and that law and order, as personified in Calvin Coolidge, shall carry the torch of true liberty to all civilization. We believe him to be America's opportunity, and we are by no means lonely in thinking it. Humble, with no pomp, no pride, no empty, weak pretentiousness of prestige, this man has about him that true and splendid glory which shall light our nation with the higher majesties of law, and human liberty through law. The time calls for law to hold down social upheaval and to suppress such threatening volcanic unrest which seems everywhere manifest. The affair in Boston was only a symptom of humanity's social disease. Calvin Coolidge knew the medicine. It was a bitter herb, but it healed the sore. Facts are sharp-toothed, and they bite, but they are saving in their merits. Coolidge saw that to defend the supremacy of the Government, and to suppress this, what Wilson termed "a crime against civilization," was at all costs essential, and this he did. And those who in revenge said that they were going to drive him back west across the Connecticut, by their un-Americanism only helped to drive him west clear to the Potomac where the dome of the National Capital glistens in the day. If there was any apathy of the public conscience, he aroused it from that apathy. He with heroic statesmanship, defended the "inviability of Government and the supremacy of law" declaring that "the sovereignty of the American people is not for sale," and, believing in the people whom he was serving, they have reciprocated by a full unstinted faith in him, which drafts him for higher service and releases him for larger opportunity. With him opportunity means responsibility, and the duty to discharge it to the best of his ability, that answer must be made to those who entrust him with it. Whether in matters of local concern or in issues that are civilization—big, Calvin Coolidge can be relied on to do what he believes is right, and he can also be relied on to arrive at conclusions with most diligent care and concern. He is right when in things ultimate he believes that the people will not give their approval to "demagogues slavishly pandering to their selfishness, merchandising with the clamor of the hour." Justice, democracy, humanitarian legislation are in his creed as a statesman. "Humanitarian legislation" he says "is going to be the handmaid of character." Well may we see that Calvin Coolidge has made his patient and steady rise through merit. His is not partisanship, but citizenship, not egotism but patriotism. In place of show, there is toil. Nothing is staged, or made to sparkle under the flash-light of display. He never sells out. There is no handshaking, no brass band, no floating and flying banners. He is not a stooping politician, but marching statesman. He is no politician of the oily, the smooth, and the stereotyped breed. There is only the certainty that his earnest thought will go forth and that it will arrive. There is the guarantee that he will not arbitrate the right, negotiate the truth, or make commerce of justice. He stands on fundamentals. He will release and encourage the right functions of government. He will interpret and enforce the law with ability, sincerity, and courage. There is in him nothing of traitordom, nothing of hypocrisy. He can be trusted to do his exact duty as he sees it. He will do his set task, day by day. To "do the day's work" is his plan, and he lives true to his plan.

And thus it is that Calvin Coolidge embodies the ideals of the American people,—he who is the inflexible defender of their sacred institutions and their cherished rights. By resisting those who resisted the government, by allowing no force to coerce or intimidate the government, he maintained unimpaired the institutions through which come our highest liberty. The dagger of lawlessness would have gladly stabbed him for he is the foe of lawlessness, the foe of all who would bedevil the machinery of the law. With all his drastic enforcement of the law, and his unyielding legalism, he would humanize government and make it truly “of the people, by the people, and for the people.” He follows in the steps and in the spirit of the immortal Woodsman who said “with malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness for the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in.” And just as then, some one must bind up the nation’s wounds, some one today must help heal the broken nerves of mankind. On him upon whose labor falls something of the indication and the approval of the eternal verities, comes some of this opportunity and high obligation. Duty is his master. By simple living, clear thinking, hard toiling, he seeks faithfully to do his duty, and to serve those who honor him with their confidence.

Calvin Coolidge, of course, knows how to think. Thought is back of all. So compelling are his thoughts and utterances that the world has chosen to become his audience. His face is the map of candour, and it bears the stamp of intellect. His mind is not of the brilliant, sparkling, scintilating sort, perhaps, but it is a rugged mind from which leap thoughts like athletes, lithe-limbed and powerful. The vibrant sincerity of all he says is matched by the incisiveness of his utterances. He is a master in the employment of apt words. They march or fight at his command. He marshalls them in their most excelling splendor. They go sure and firm-footed at his direction. They fire bullets at his order. As a stylist Calvin Coolidge is the peer of the world’s best. There is nothing of finer dignity or of more rugged mould in legal literature than the thoughts that leap from his pages—thoughts which are robed in faultless style. As a builder of books he would be welcomed to every most classic and exclusive hall. “The pen is mightier than the sword” and he wields the pen with a power that startles and enraptures a world. As a writer he could command big dollars across the counters of commercial exchange, should he select to market his goods. He has both the skill to think and the skill to well say what he thinks. In books it is the best of literary genius, in public address it may seem too lumbering for our laggard minds to comprehend and fully appreciate. Brevity is one of his policies. He speaks with frugality but in proverbs clear, direct, comprehensive and compelling. He is said by those who know him to be a man of vast silences. He talks little. He listens well. He is thinking and learning, so that if occasion comes what he says will count. And when he speaks it is with trenchant, pungent, cogent utterances which bombard all minds and hearts with logic, authority, honesty and conviction. He could not be otherwise if he tried. That is he himself. Conscientious himself, he makes his appeal upon the consciences of others. “We must forever smite the rock of public conscience” he says “if the waters of patriotism are to pour out.” He believes that “nothing is settled until it is settled right.” There is no stability apart from truth, truth elemental and fundamental throughout the universe, the first, the abiding, and the universal principle. His silences are startling. They seem as deep as the ocean. And

they seem to take us as far as the edge of things. The eloquence of his silences stir us to meditation, while the terse, forceful eloquence of his verbal deliveries stab, challenge and inspire. To make deep scrutiny of his printed addresses and of his State papers causes us to know he indeed has the ability to think. His simple truths are given with the decisiveness of Bible mandates and they have back of them the authority of truth and wisdom. One of the most beautiful little classics I have ever read is his Lincoln Birthday proclamation. You will do well to read it—and to seize its truth and to catch its charm and splendor. Long may he live to light the lamp of literature, that it may shine to the joy, and stimulation of many minds.

And the best is said when it is remarked that Calvin Coolidge has character. It is a fine thing in a world of wholesome competition, as this world is, to have ability. But ability without the guide and the guard of character is quite hopeless and helpless. Inspiration is often desperation, it is most always perspiration, that is, its other name is hard work, but ability without character has nothing that will lash it to labor, and it becomes lazy and lagard and loses its high possibility. Character means a life, not of devices but of majesties, it means living, not temporal but eternal, it stands and toils on a plane higher than that of mere diplomacy. It works with God, together, with Him in the unfoldment of His purposes and the expression of His laws. To which, all of this, Calvin Coolidge is true. He has a most serious and profound appreciation of life. To live is for him a tremendous and stalwart matter. He has a spiritual estimate of law. He says "We do not make laws, we do but discover them." He sees law as eternally established from the foundations of the universe. The truths even which we perceive are principles that are from everlasting to everlasting, they are the eternal verities of God himself. This is a vision splendid of the dignity of life and of the eternal dignity of law, which is so wholesome, so appetizing and so enjoyable in contrast with the cheap estimates of life and law so common nowadays. Calvin Coolidge is no politician with sordid desire, whose eyes are on the ground. He is a statesman, an American, and a citizen of the universe with his eyes upward and forward. He hears the call of the Infinite and seeks to discern His ways. It is, after all, the irreproachable and uncompromising character of the man which is the secret of his power, and which puts him in that place of our conscious reverence like that which we swing around the memory of Abraham Lincoln and around a very lonely few of all the great souls of history. After all is said and done, it is character that talks more than anything else and without it all voices are empty babbles. It is the character of Calvin Coolidge,—his strength of soul, his might of manhood, his vision of spirit, which make him what he is, and hold him in our abiding and increasing respect and affection. A year ago in addressing the graduates of Amherst College, after a masterful discussion of the classics, he came forth with this pronouncement "The classic of all classics is the Bible." And one may well read between the lines of his own great addresses, the impress, the influence and the truth of the Word of God. In the heart of Calvin Coolidge is the consciousness of the abiding presence and the authority of Him who changes not. And here we have statesmanship of high order, statesmanship clean, statesmanship strong, statesmanship reliable, statesmanship that will not lie, that is not cheap, that will not sell out for a price, statesmanship that will support and build government, that will enforce and protect the law, that will vouchsafe to the people the benefits "of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Here we have manhood, splendor of

intellect, dignity of soul, and full-orbed Americanism. With such statesmen as that we are safe, with men of that order in places of ferment and responsibility, our nation cannot perish from the earth. With men of that quality in high office ours is no futile cry "Long live America!"

And thus I have celebrated our national holiday by speaking of a great American, one born on the nation's birthday and one not dead, but living, one now in the toil and sweat and purpose of things. And thus have I said that patriotism is not mandates written on a book, but mandates lived in life. I have said that citizenship is not a theory, but day-by-day obedience of the laws of the land. I have said that loyalty to one's country is not noisy enthusiasms on the Fourth of July, not the froth and frenzy of inordinate excitement, but it is consistent and abiding harmony with the principles at the heart of Government through the round of the year and the round of life itself. And I have said all of these things by telling the story of a humble, earnest, honest, toiling, majestic American in whom we all are interested and in whom we all believe. It is Americanism not on paper but in life that counts, and sublime in our appreciation is that man or woman who in high measure embodies and personifies the fundamental principles of true and 100% Americanism. To be an American is to hold the charter of liberty. And it is the passion of our unselfish Americanism to help extend that charter of liberty to all the peoples of the earth—the charter for free, true, and high manhood and womanhood.

There are many evils in our country. This fact we must admit. Our life is too complex. Our life is too rapid. It is too nervous, too selfish, too artificial, too superficial. We are the victims of profiteers. Justice is often perverted. There is much of popular frenzy and social lack of ease. We need leaders who will guide us back to some of the old fashioned virtues of simplicity and goodness. We need leaders as well who will guide us forward to new and higher things. We need to correct evils. We need to build a more stalwart, a more perfect, a more Christian civilization here in our land. We must revert to that principle that all men are "created free and equal," that they are potentially of one order and heritage, that they are to enjoy the equality of opportunity, that they are to have vouchsafed to them the rights "of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." We must exalt the home, the school, the church, the State. We must appreciate the sacredness of life, of each and every life, of all of each and every life, the body, the mind, and the soul, and encourage the fulfillment of their possibility. We must know that citizenship is not only collective, but it is individual, that patriotism is not only social but it is personal. It is not a mere matter of excited multitudes but a thing to be lived in the solitudes of life, in the labor, the pleasure, and the daily conduct of life. Americanism is not a theory, but a life. To be good Americans we must be good men and women. Here in a land of religious liberty, where we can "worship God according to the dictates of our conscience" we must not do violence to that liberty by failing to worship Him altogether. In the worship of the Most High we shall find our truer and our better selves. We must be loyal to our God, before we can be truly loyal to our country, to our fellowmen, and to ourselves. To love God and to love our neighbors as ourselves is true Christianity, and it is true Americanism. It is by lifting up the Cross of Christ and by living day by day the first and great commandment, that, under God, we who are Americans shall be able to make "the Stars and Stripes forever the emblem of militant liberty," and bring our joys to all mankind.

ARTICLE XI

CALVIN COOLIDGE—PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, OR FROM A FARM HOUSE TO THE WHITE HOUSE

(Written just after Mr. Harding's body crossed the nation through 3,000 miles of a people's tribute of love and sorrow.)

"All quiet along the Potomac." Why? Because silent Calvin Coolidge is there. But his very silence is vocal. It will be heard from the White House to the sea. For a man to go through so many public offices, all under the greedy, critical view of the masses, and yet with a record, so untarnished and clean, is a noteworthy human achievement. Our enthusiasms may feed and flame slowly, but more than a mere provincial loyalty may cause us to say "Have faith in Calvin Coolidge." With more than mere cold accuracy of thought processes, he has in him a spiritual self-hood, which stirs warm and vibrant. And it is all a result. The causes lie back in the years. It is not the hasty product of mere political cleverness but it is the fruit of sincerity. In Lincoln we called it honesty.

Though classed a conservative, Calvin Coolidge is a creative mind. He is delightfully independent, working with that slow care, which is, nevertheless, swifter in the distance, and which, when it does, is not called upon to undo. He is a safe adventurer, believes in the beaten path, but hewes a new road if it leads to empire. "Progress always leads along the line of non-conformity" yet no real progress is through unbridled rashness. No one can say that Calvin Coolidge is rash. He is not upset by clamour nor swept from his moorings by applause. No stronger embodiment of unimpassioned common-sense ever sat in the nation's seat of high authority.

Like Abraham Lincoln, our hero of today is a self-made man, where the genius of a dogged pertinacity triumphs over circumstance. Of such stuff all heroes are made. Bite the dust, they will rise again to fight and toil, till Destiny whose other name is God, will yield the triumph. As with every life, so with Calvin Coolidge, every moment has been fraught with the meaning of the years. His has been the calm patience of untiring toil. We are led to feel that in the trudging of Calvin Coolidge, ever forward and upward, there has been a purpose in it all, somewhere and somehow, other than human. History has lots to say along this very line.

These folks lack penetrative vision who speak of Coolidge's career as one of luck. It is one of a boundless but quiet pluck,—he is even quiet in the hour of sad glory and bows his soul in sorrow at the going of his Chief. His career has been one of study, he has been grinding over books, there has been brain-sweat, there has been the charm and rugged fascination of thought, there has been the frequent fatigue of mind. There has been the piercing into the dark of a problem and through the dark to the light again. It could never have been otherwise or he could never have gained that power of straight and correct thinking which he has today. There are great and far causes back of such great results. Nature and life go by law —we must remember that, whether we deal with ourselves or philosophize concerning others. Mr. Harding's influence might have started to wane, and Calvin Coolidge, called of God and made possible by the strange enthusiasm of the Chicago Convention, brought into power. The sanity of such a view, I believe the evidence of the com-

ing years will support. I do not ask under what lucky star was Calvin Coolidge born. There is nothing spooky or uncanny in his career of political advancement,—he has simply made conspicuously good in every position he has held, always doing the day's work, ever inspiring and holding the confidence of others, seeming to be a living embodiment of the right. He has lived in league with the truth, and the truth has emancipated him to courageous action. Not, under what star of luck was he born, is the question, but on what star of loyalty, precision, toil, and truth has he fixed his vision through the years. He is a legalist, but he is spiritual. He is as cold in person as an ice-berg but he has faith. There is warmth inside.

We may measure the man by his words—not their number, but their quality. Truth is vast but his words that express it are condensed. The essence of the matter is not lost in the wrappings. Like a window-pane truth is presented transparent and clear. Even all of his political pronouncements have the ruggedness of an eternal import. His thought, like sword-thrusts, goes to the heart of things. "The measure of success," he says "is not the quantity of merchandise, but the quality of manhood which is produced." Here is an estimating, not of quantities but of qualities, seeing not mere mathematics but soul-stuff and spiritual entity. I read the other day the following newspaper report of one of Mr. Coolidge's addresses and I felt that the reporter had caught afame with the fire that burned in the soul of Coolidge or he never could have ininterpreted the real Coolidge so correctly—"Mr Coolidge laid stress upon the essential importance of religion and the spiritual factor in the maintenance of this republic and civilization itself. Not in its material advancement, not in its scientific achievements, not in its armies and navies, not in its art and literature was its future assured, but in the stability of its morals and its adherence to the tried and accepted tenets taught by the Christian Church was the hope of civilization based. Without them, he declared, there would be nothing but disintegration and ruin. On the fruits of the spirit the hopes of mankind in the future years alone depend." Then went on the report of the address—"The time has come" said Mr. Coolidge, "when we may more properly look to the people, when natural laws may well be left to supplement artificial laws. In complete freedom of action the people sometimes have a more effective remedy than can be supplied by government interference. Individual interference in the long run is a firmer reliance than bureaucratic supervision. We do not need more government. We do need more law. We do need more religion." "And this" added the reporter, or editor, "is the man whom fate, or luck, or circumstance, call it what you may, has made President of the United States for nearly two years to come." Personally we are led to feel that God, and not blind luck, had something to do with it. No Christian pulpit has a clearer or more ringing message of truth than these words of Calvin Coolidge. There is something that engenders both calm and pride in having such a man for President of these United States. We feel that he is a seer, a prophet, a spiritual as well as a political leader, that he is a safe guard and a safe guide for the nation. Here the word "politician" is again lifted from the slime of past associations and we may well afford to trust a politician who talks in such terms and who deals intimately with such realities. After all, what the people want in their political leader, more than anything else is integrity. Where they find that they place faith and this faith is bound to rise to enthusiasm and to deepen into love.

Grasping politicians, to the contrary, there are no majorities like the people. Nothing can defeat Calvin Coolidge a year away for re-election, for the people are fastening their grappling faith in that man, and there are no sweeping, irresistible majorities like the majorities of a believing people. No president that the United States has ever had has got more truly down to the real philosophic and religious basis of life and action, or who has had a more spiritual conception of political government. That is why he is destined to become one of our greatest of Presidents, otherwise we do not read truth as we might read a book. Many people fail because they do not grasp the spiritual meaning of things, or if they do grasp it, they grasp it decades too late. Life's power goes back to origins and to every step of the way.

There never was a kinder and more lovable man in the Presidential Chair than Mr. Harding. In this respect he was equal to and comparable with the immortal Lincoln. Mr. Coolidge is, admittedly, of a different type. He has a certain severity and seeming indifference, but he has a sharp scrutiny and there is in him a keen sense of legalistic justice. He has been a diligent student of great historic personalities, and we have reason to believe that Abraham Lincoln has been his studied ideal,—if so, as for Calvin Coolidge and Abraham Lincoln, each is worthy of the other. They have a kinship in greatness. They are political seers of royal blood—the royalty of democracy, and when we think of either of them we are led to feel like reading one of the majestic chapters of Isaiah. With Calvin Coolidge, as with Abraham Lincoln, there is no price big enough to buy him—not enough gold in the hills or pearls in the sea. He has character, and therefore moral authority, and stands unafraid to the four points of the compass. He will be a reconciler but never a compromiser. There is no fear that he will play with the temptations or perils of power, nor be swept away by the self-flattery of it. He is too well schooled in the law of self-restraint and of self-direction. He thinks first and at length, then speaks last and with decisive brevity. This is not presumption on his part. It is calm and correct thinking to the point of decision.

Perhaps Calvin Coolidge would not be a startling success in the Christian ministry. Perhaps he wouldn't be able to meet some of its modern light and more frivolous social demands, to successfully cater to such as do not want to think or to receive a moral challenge, but who want only to be everlasting entertained, even in the church of God. Moreover, his sermons might be so dry and ponderous, that when he started to preach many would be saying their "Now I lay me down to sleep." It is true that as Vice President Mr. Coolidge seemed insipid and tasteless, except that some of his speeches glowed with prophetic fire. By the nature of his office and through his delicate sense of subordination to his chief he seemed reduced almost to a non-entity. If pulled unexpectedly into the presidency there would need to be a violent arousal of his entire personality, unless in quiet he had been keeping ever alert. The ordeal of being thrust into the Presidency is neither making nor breaking him,—it is revealing him. As President he is a surprise to those who had seen him only as Vice President. They did not know that he had the initiative, the cautious skill, the ability, the decision and quick precision that he manifests. We feel that the Constitution will not be spit upon with impunity, and we feel that the principle will somehow prevail that there is no right to strike against the public health any more than to strike against the public safety.

Calvin Coolidge comes to first principles,—being a humble seeker of the truth, he is a learner and a finder of it. He has faith in the opinions of others and he also has saving faith in the processes and findings of his own mind, and then has the calm power to act on his decisions. Coming to the Presidency, we have in him cold brain hand in hand with spiritual convictions coming to the top of the world, and for us there is contentment in it.

When Calvin Coolidge, aroused from sleep by the trembling words "The President is dead" arose, and in the silent watches of the night, by the flickering light of an oil lamp took the oath of office, administered by his own loved father, that made him President of the world's greatest nation, he did not add to the oath of allegiance the fervant words "So help me God" for any mere dramatic reason. Nor was the first act of his, as President of the United States, going out to stand in bowed silence at the side of his mother's grave any mere stage effect to be glared at under the flash of the foot-lights. The silence of his own heart and the sacred silence of that grave talked together in words that the world can never know. The soul of that good man and the silence of that good woman, who had schooled him in the art of living back in the days of his childhood, were talking the matter over in ways that will redound to the benefit of mankind. There was prayer and consecration in it all, and God be thanked, that we have a President taking up the duties of his office in the fear of the Almighty and in honor and justice toward all mankind. All God-fearing Americans, with that sense of reliance upon the Divine which characterized the patriotism of our fore-fathers, should pray for Calvin Coolidge that he might be divinely guided. Hard tasks lie out ahead. May his arm be strengthened, his mind and spirit quickened.

Calvin Coolidge has discovered that the quickest way to a decision is the thought-road, however round about, which leads to the correct decision. In other words he believes with Lincoln that nothing is settled until it is settled right. He has trained himself to rapid and accurate thinking, yet he is willing to be slow, very slow, slow enough to be right. This caution really means the quickest arrival at unalterable truth. He believes in brevity, in economy of time, and we may also be sure that he will believe in economy in the use of the people's money. As to economy, and as to futile action, he told the Massachusetts law-makers on one occasion that sometimes the best thing they could do was to meet, call the roll and adjourn. He does not believe in useless legislation. He seems opposed, and wisely so, to a constant and prodigious manufacture of new laws. By his words "We do not need more law. We do need more religion," he merely meant that the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life, that we do not need more law so much on the statute books as we need it more truly written on the heart. He seems to fear that law making has become a craft, a trade, a business, until we are getting more laws than law interpreters can find time to interpret or law enforcers can find time to enforce. And it is true. A man can hardly eat a meal and shake the salt cellar without first asking his neighbor, "Can you tell me the law on this?" Coolidge would put a stop to the wholesale manufacture of laws. It is just as if he would say, why, you are turning out laws like Ford Automobiles and the things rattle and bang at every corner and they clutter up the highways of our modern life. Only Coolidge would be incapable of saying the thing so crudely. He would say it with an elegance that would make the saying a classic that would live forever. An-

tagonistic to the wholesale output of useless legislation, he believes fundamentally in law itself, its dignity and spirit, he believes in the rigid enforcement of it, the obedience of it, and reverence for it.

Yes, he believes in economy—I have said economy in time—also he believes in economy in speech. "Do the day's work, and be brief" is his motto. Here is both a policy and a program. It means organization and achievement. This principle is not a mere theory—he lives it. He does not over-talk. Some think he does not talk enough. But silence has stood him in good stead. It has been both one of his best friends and one of his best recommendations. Silence has been his passport from one station of responsibility to another, and we doubt not that a reasonable supply of it will be his passport into another term as President. We are told that over his fireplace at Northampton are the words:

"A wise old owl sat on an oak,
The more he saw, the less he spoke,
The less he spoke, the more he heard,
Why can't we be like that bird?"

Mr. Coolidge has found wisdom in this and has come to the crafty silence of his Owl-hood. It is a matter of satisfying confidence that at Washington Mr. Coolidge will not talk too much. With all the quiet dignity with which he will grace his office, there will be an abundant wealth of deep and clear thinking, there will be consecrated devotion to duty, there will be a constant and honest fidelity to country, to humanity, and to God. He will stimulate a new and much-needed popular reverence for government in the teaching that human government is expressive of Divine Government. The idealism of his thought and his view of the eternal meaning of law is nowhere better manifest than in his words "We do not make laws. We do but discover them." Here he has reference to the real laws, the actual underlying principles of life. New confidence, new stability, and a higher patriotism of thought, of reverence and of work, ought to come to our nation under the consecrated lead of Calvin Coolidge. We cannot read God out of human history or out of human affairs to day. Certainly God has had something to do with the destinies of this man Calvin Coolidge, and we must believe the fortunes and sacred principles of America are the more secure, with this man of humility, of conviction and of courage in the place of power.

To help sustain Calvin Coolidge is to help sustain America herself. He must have support. We have slaughtered our Presidents by the knives of abuse, we have whittled them down in death by the bullets of criticism, we have given them more to do than human power had the strength to do and then clubbed them by our attacks while they toiled earnestly at their task. The silent body of our Martyred Chief, Warren G. Harding, has just traversed the nation, speaking every mile of the 3,000 miles the solemn words "My task and your criticism have laid me in the ground," and the strange paradox of it all is that, all the time we criticized, we held him in love and lofty admiration. The conscientious are often keenly sensitive to criticism, and to such the bullets of criticism are as deadly as the bullets of the assassin, the motive better, but the result tragically the same. We Americans must learn not to kill our Presidents, or to crush them in a way that is worse than death,—and ever, in the shadow, that snow-haired and stooping figure of Woodrow Wilson, in the horror of a living death, haunts the conscience of America.

Won't the world quit hanging its best friends and its greatest servants on a cross?

Calvin Coolidge, a legalist, silent, undemonstrative, simple in ways and desires, sincere in deeds, is close to the soil, close to the life; the experience, the habits of the people,—and he is close to the Infinite. He is a God-fearing man who believes that the center of all law and government is at the Throne of the Eternal. Taking the oath of office as President of the United States in the little Vermont farm-house in which he was born, his own father, as Notary Public, administering the oath, and going for his consecration to that most sacred of altars, the grave of his mother, a scene unprecedented in the history of the nation, we shall never know the lift of mind or the upheaval of soul that took place there. But we may well believe that the grave-side of his mother, who, at the cost of broken health, gave him to the world, was the shrine of his dedication, it was where memory and desire blended in hallowed thought. We may well believe that at this altar his soul made covenant with its God—to be faithful, unwavering, and unafraid, and with all, to be humble, for the glory of Jehovah and for the betterment of mankind. Such men stand four square. They are the conservators of the good. They safe-guard the treasures of civilization. They inflame men with a passion for high and holy things. Calvin Coolidge is such a man. Not even his name listed in Who's Who five years ago, but now his name is being written in living letters of faith and love in the minds and hearts of millions. His life is not luck but pluck, not accident but faith, not a gamble but a sublime sincerity! Honesty, loyalty, diligence, worship—these are his up-to-date biography. We have more regard for faith in a man and in expectation of him, than we have in polished obituaries. Tell it with faith in him while he lives, not only with flowers when he is gone. If any one name shall glitter, in American History, more than that of Calvin Coolidge, that name is Abraham Lincoln, gleaming as the name of Abraham Lincoln now does in sacred isolation. But the name "Calvin Coolidge" stands rival, or rather is beginning to claim modest kinship. It is out of common clay when touched by the hand of God, that leap the Immortals. Such is our faith. History is in the making. Destiny will talk. The Eternal charts the seas of time.

Another word must be said. Results point to origins. Were it not for the quiet, simple, Christian home of his childhood, where religious faith was the guiding spirit, and where God-fearing parents, with the firmness and loving consistency of old-fashioned piety, taught well their children the lessons of life, teaching them to do, with care, fidelity, and with calm faith the day's work and the simple tasks of the hour, Calvin Coolidge would never have been the mind and soul that he is today. Here is the lesson that America needs to learn above every other lesson,—namely: the need of religious devotion and instruction in the home. If the home fails to meet its duty in this respect, little need ever be expected of the children in that home. America is going to get its truly great men and women out of sincerely religious homes. She needs, then, to look well to the home. Home is the school and the shrine where life is to learn its lessons and to get its faith. With homes of religious spirit and teaching, America is secure and her people will have in them the elements of power and greatness. After all, it is not far from a farm-house to the White House, or from any kind of a home to any position of high usefulness in the world, if only that early home is filled with the holiness and the greatness of God.

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